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the LIFE and DEATH of RITCHIE VALENS

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insider's report
and secret photos
of the world's most
controversial couple...

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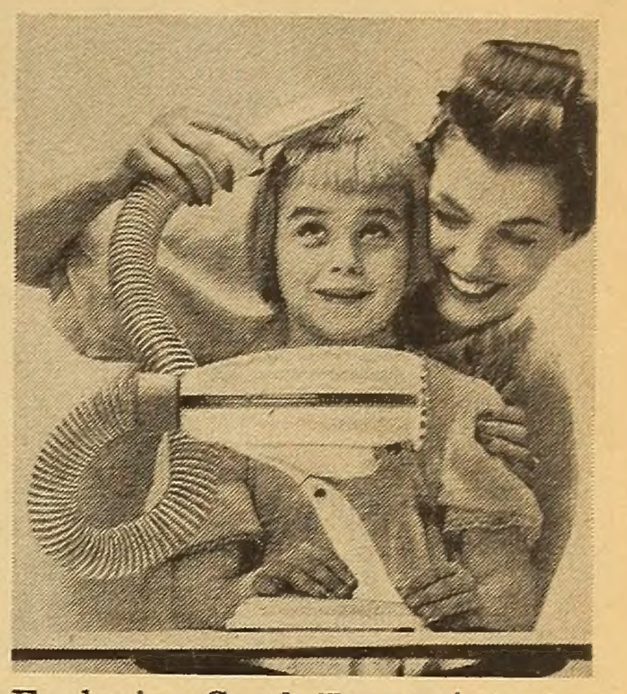
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smart, modern beauty bottle

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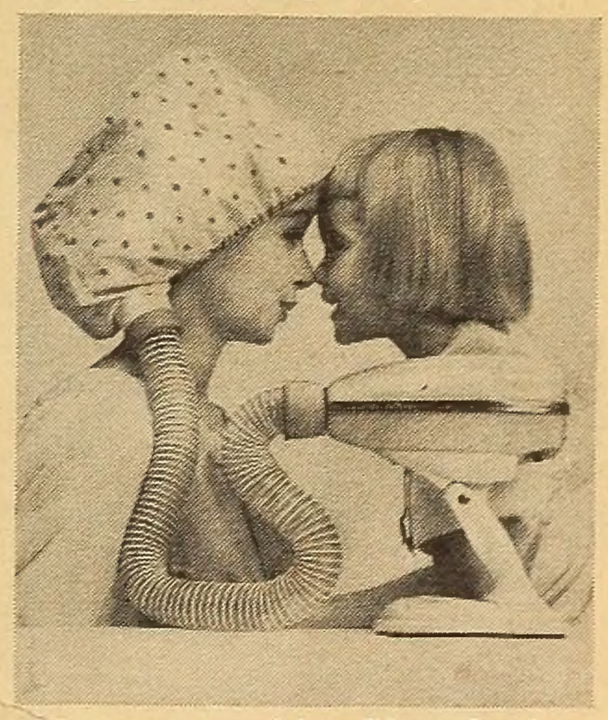
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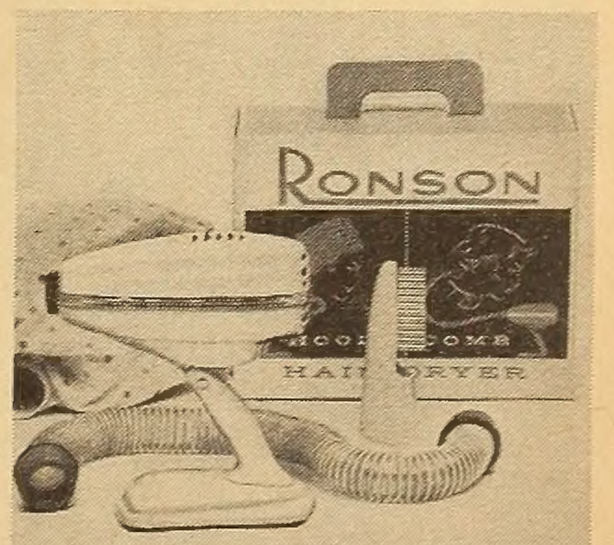




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modern screen

MAY, 1959 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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The cover photograph of Liz, her boys and Eddie is by UPIP.
Other photographers' credits appear on page 64.

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This babe knows all the answers to why gentlemen prefer girls!

The freshest new face in "LIFE" in the freshest new comedy in years!

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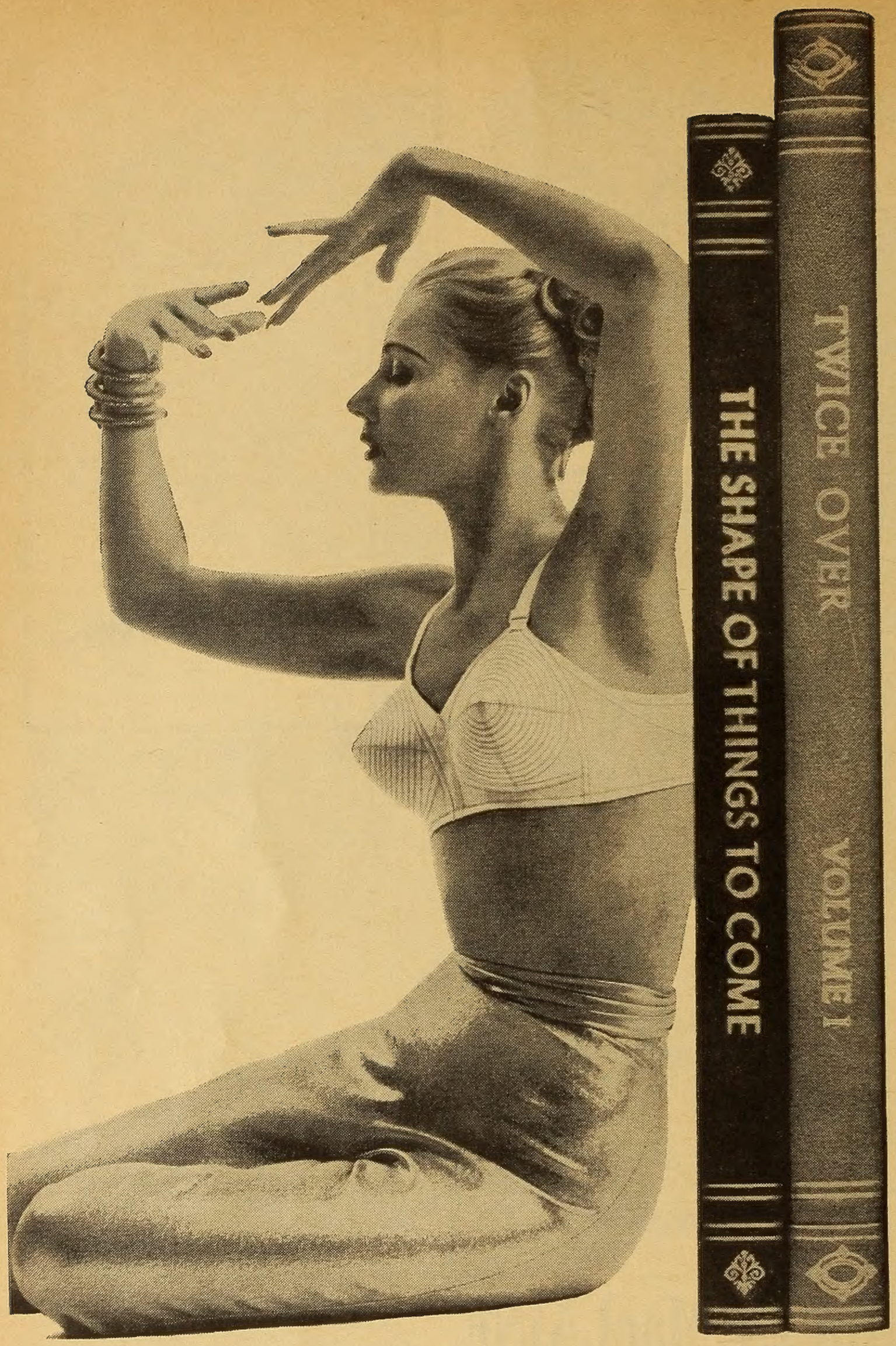
DAVID NIVEN · SHIRLEY MacLAINE
GIG YOUNG

"ask any girl"

co-starring ROD TAYLOR · JIM BACKUS · CLAIRE KELLY

In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Screenplay by GEORGE WELLS • Directed by CHARLES WALTER

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A EUTERPE PRODUCTION



I dreamed I was bookends...



Look for TWICE-OVER* with stitched broadcloth cups—in this dreamy package!

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It was Audie Murphy's wedding night and he and his bride were preparing to retire in the motel they had chosen. Pam opened her overnight case and took out a brush, a comb, and a robe. Audie opened *his* overnight case, and took out a gun.

"What are you going to do with *that?*" Pam gasped.

"Put it under the pillow," Audie said. "I always keep a gun under my pillow."

"Even on your wedding night?"

"You never," Audie said grimly, "know what may happen."

He was so right.

Hours later, Pam woke with a start. Someone—or something—was gently prying open the motel window!

"Audie!" she whispered. But Audie was way ahead of her.

He was sitting bolt upright in bed, both eyes fixed on the window—and the gun pointed firmly at it.

"What are you going to do?" Pam whispered frantically.

"I am going," said her new husband, "to plug him as soon as he gets it open."

"No," Pam begged. "Don't shoot him. Maybe he has a gun, too—"

Audie sat motionless. The window creaked again. He didn't fire.

"You changed your mind?" Pam whispered hopefully.

"No," Audie said. "I'm just waiting till he gets it open far enough to give me a good shot!"

At which point Pam, new bride though she was, proved she knew exactly how to handle men. Don't argue. Don't cry. Don't get mad. Don't even try to change his mind.

Change the situation instead.

So she opened her mouth and—with the full force of her Texas upbringing—let out a scream that shook the walls, rattled the window—and sent the would-be burglar crashing through the underbrush and out of sight.

And that's how married life began for the Audie Murphys!

Audie Murphy:

his bride SCREAMED



MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

May 1— **Glenn Ford**

May 2— **Bing Crosby**

May 4— **Audrey Hepburn**

May 6— **Stewart Granger**

May 7— **Gary Cooper**

May 10— **Fred Astaire**

May 15— **Anna Maria Alberghetti**
Joseph Cotten
James Mason
Ursula Thiess

May 16— **Henry Fonda**
Liberace

May 17— **Dennis Hopper**
Maureen O'Sullivan

May 20— **George Gobel**
Jimmy Stewart

May 21— **Raymond Burr**
Rick Jason
Kay Kendall
Bill Williams

May 22— **Sir Lawrence Olivier**
Susan Strasberg

May 23— **Rosemary Clooney**
Joan Collins
Betty Garrett
Jackie Gleason
John Payne

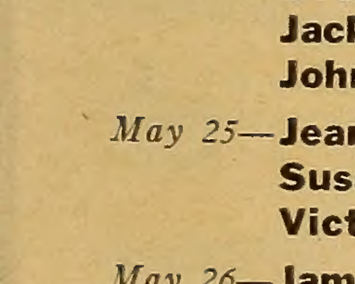
May 25— **Jeanne Crain**
Susan Morrow
Victoria Shaw

May 26— **James Arness**
Peggy Lee
John Wayne

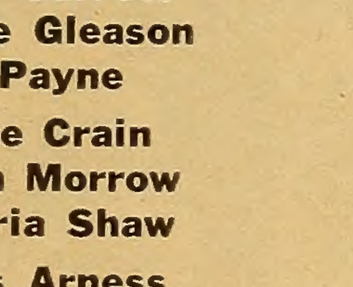
May 27— **Vincent Price**
Mai Zetterling

May 28— **Carroll Baker**
Sally Forest

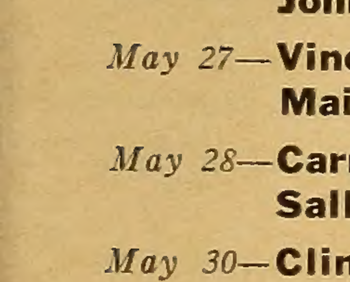
May 30— **Clint Walker**



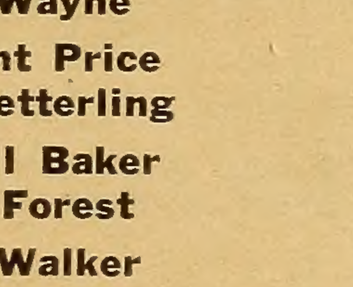
Anne Baxter
May 7



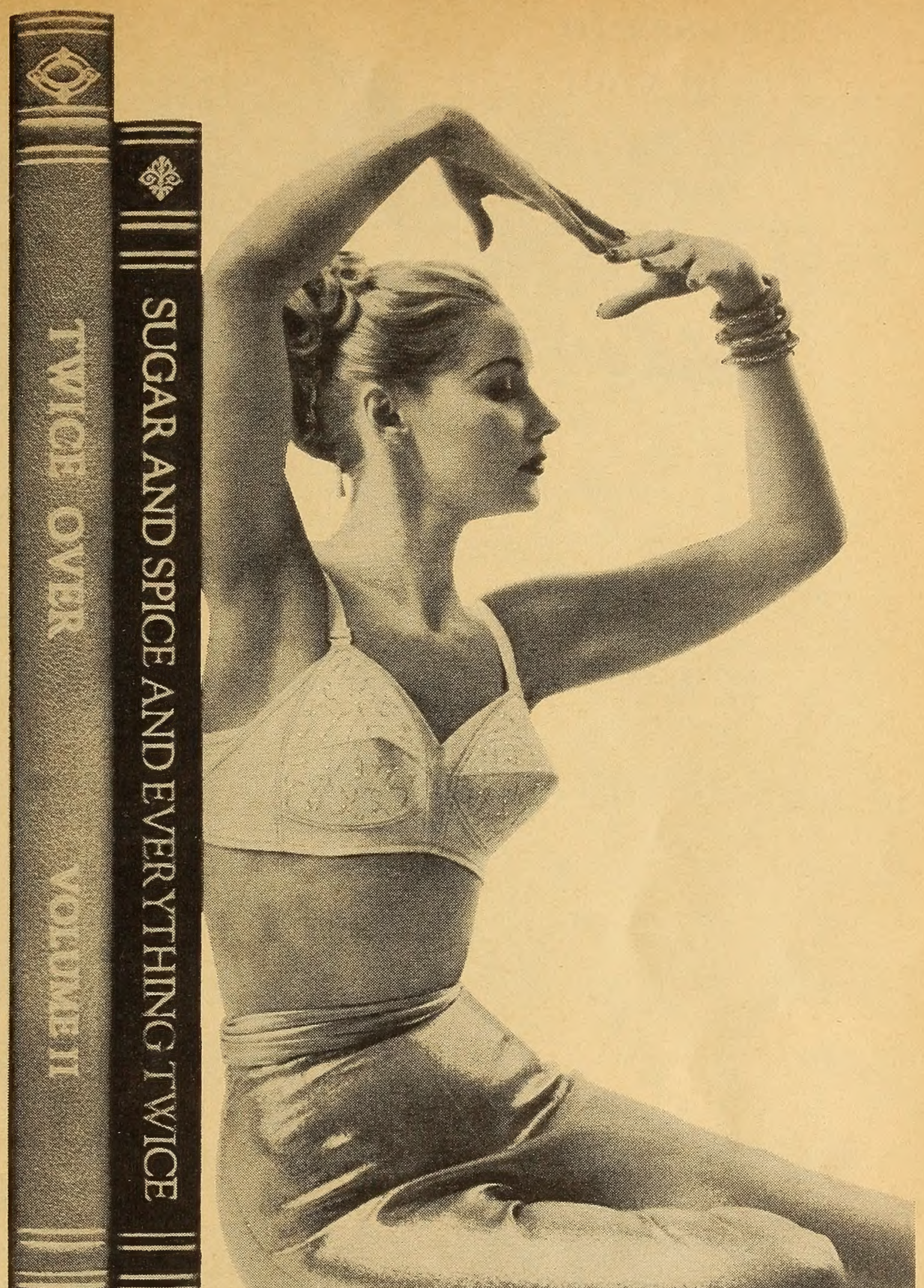
Lex Barker
May 8



Herbert Marshall
May 23



Elaine Stewart
May 31



in my maidenform bra!*

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Now! A brand new TWICE-OVER* with embroidered nylon cups!

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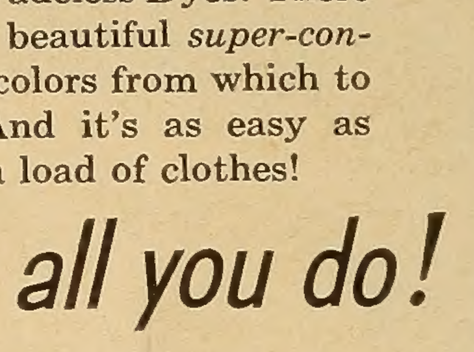
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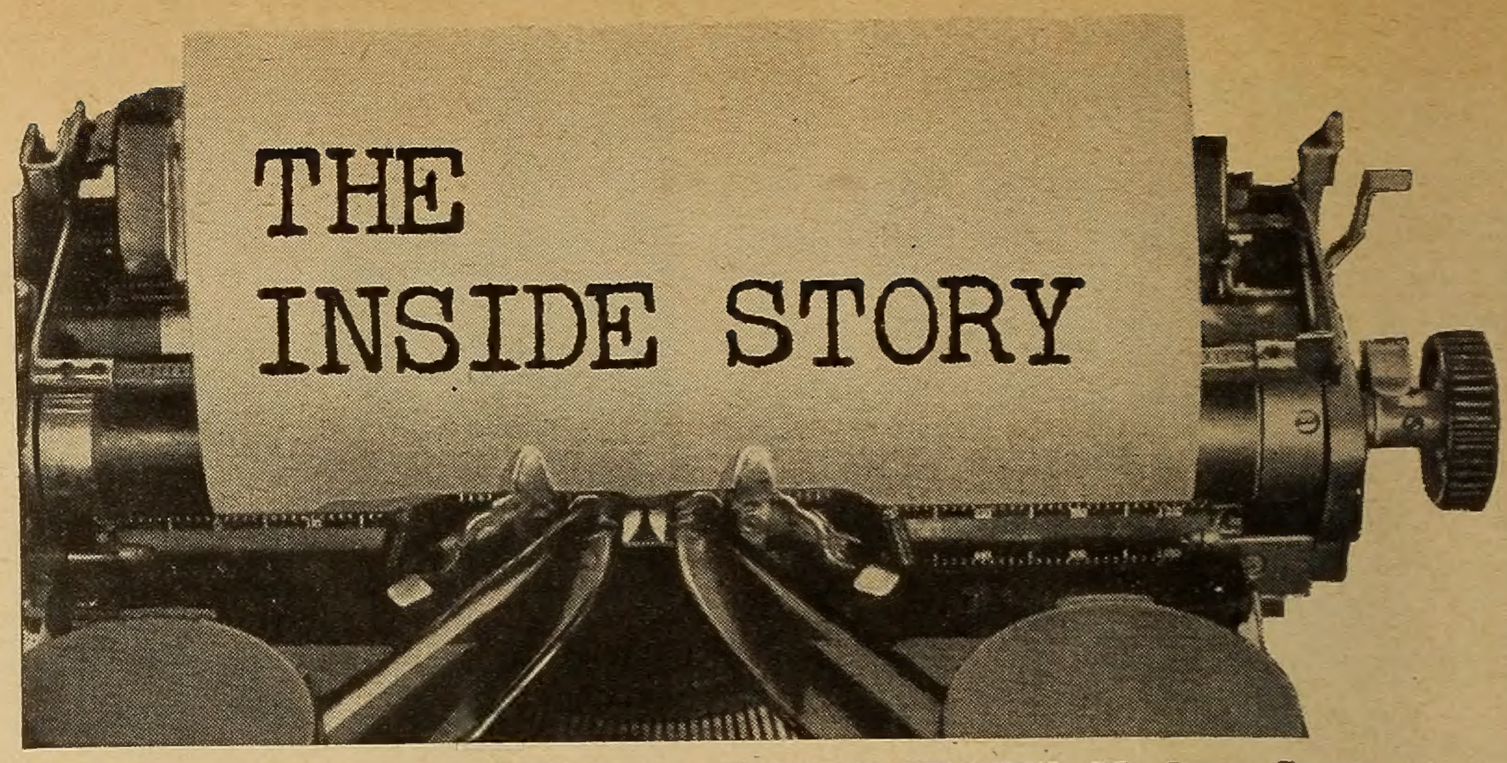
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Makers of Putnam Fadeless Dyes



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Who is the mystery man in **Millie Perkins**' life? I read that she's been dating director George Stevens who discovered her. Isn't he old enough to be her father?

—R.A., JAMAICA, N.Y.

A *No mystery. Millie dated George Stevens,* Junior.

Q Is it true that her desire for importance, publicity and financial security resulted in **Barbara Rush**'s decision to marry publicist Warren Cowan?

—B.P., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A *Mr. Cowan of the Rogers and Cowan public relations office does not handle Barbara's publicity.*

Q On a recent panel TV show, **Paul Newman** kept referring to himself as a Broadway stage star instead of a movie star. How many Broadway plays has he done?

—J.W., ELMHURST, L. I.

A *Three.*

Q I've read so little about the new **Bing Crosby** baby. I can understand Bing's reluctance to talk about his fatherhood but why is **Kathy** so coy about discussing the subject?

—L.M., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

A *Kathy's not coy. She says her life is filled with too many varieties of interests to spend all of her time talking baby talk.*

Q Is it really true that **Jane Powell**'s box office appeal has slipped disastrously and that she was really the *third* best choice for the *Meet Me In Saint Louis* TV spectacular?

—D.R., ALAMOSA, COL.

A *The fourth.*

Q What are the terms of the **Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds** divorce settlement?

—S.L., CARSON, TEX.

A *Debbie gets custody of the children, the family home, half of all the community property and $3,500 a month until she remarries.*

Q **Lana Turner** looks absolutely gorgeous in the early sequences of *Imitation of Life.* Just like she looked fifteen years ago. My friend said she had her face lifted after she made the later sequences. Is this true?

—Y.J., DURANT, OKLA.

A *No.*

Q Say it isn't so—the rumors I hear about **Nancy Sinatra, Jr.** being a 'disturbed' girl, staying out late at night and talking tough to people who try to compliment her.

—T.F., EAGLE GROVE, IOWA

A *It's so.*

Q What's the relationship between **Liberace** and his brother George now?

—J.H., MILO, MAINE

A *They say 'hello' to one another.*

Q I read that **Yul Brynner** is remaining in Europe for two years in order to avoid paying U.S. income tax. If this is his attitude, why did he become a citizen in the first place?

—D.F., MERIDEN, CONN.

A *Yul's remaining abroad for two years because his picture commitments are all in foreign locations. The tax saving is just an extra added attraction.*

Q If their marriage is all over, why did **Marlon Brando** spend all his time in the hospital with **Anna Kashfi** recently? What does this mean? A reconciliation?

—M.K., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A *It means Marlon needs to be needed.*

Q What started the feud between **Cary Grant** and **Hugh O'Brian**?

—A.R., LUBBOCK, TEX.

A *A gal named Luba Otasevic. Hugh claims he saw her first.*

Q What are the chances of **Kim Novak** and Richard Quine making it for keeps?

—R.C., ST. PAUL, MINN.

A *Non-existent . . . at this point.*

Q Whatever *did* happen to **Sonny Tufts**?

—H.R., MIAMI, FLA.

A *He's back on the wagon trying to get back into pictures.*

Q Why do so many of the 'aging' glamour girls insist upon dating men young enough to be their sons? Don't they realize that silver threads don't mix with golden youth?

—E.D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A *Ego-wise, the ladies are still living in the days seen on* THE LATE LATE SHOW. *The younger men help support the illusion. In turn they help to support the younger men.*

MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Louella launches a great new magazine, INGENUE, and celebrates her 15th anniversary with MODERN SCREEN.



At INGENUE party Louella and publisher Albert Delacorte start cutting Louella's "15th anniversary" cake.

LOUELLA PARSONS







A SORT OF TRIPLE PLAY

This was Peter Brown's first party since his separation from Diane Jergens. He came stag, but he made the most of the afternoon showing a lot of attention to pretty Susan Van-Wyck (left), Ingenue magazine's first cover girl . . . and just as much to Molly Bee (above). From the looks of things this afternoon, Molly's eyes were all for Les Brown, Jr. (top right).

We dance a welcome

THE PARTY OF MANY MONTHS:

Can you imagine a *Hollywood* party at which no cocktails were served? At which teenage high school youngsters mingled like pals with the younger set of screen stars? And when the big-league stars arrived later on the scene, they had a ball signing autograph books for all the teenage fans!

This, my friends, is the essence of the beautiful party given by DELL PUBLICATIONS to introduce the new teenager magazine INGENUE to the young people of Hollywood both in and out of the movies.

Al Delacorte, editor-in-chief of Dell Publications, asked me to be hostess of the charming affair which was held in the Rodeo Room, the Sun Lounge and the adjacent terraces of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"Why *me?*" I laughed when Al first approached me about being hostess to all those high school students.

"Because you are our MODERN SCREEN teenagers' favorite columnist," said Mr. D., practically flattering me into a sure acceptance.

I'd like to say right here—I can't remember having more fun

The party hours were from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. and promptly at three our young guests who had been selected as representatives of the various local high schools began arriving. No being 'fashionably late' for these cute youngsters.

Alice Thompson, editor of the new INGENUE MAGAZINE; Al Delacorte; MODERN SCREEN'S Western representative. Helen Weller; pretty **Susan Van Wyck**; the model whose picture adorns the first issue of INGENUE, and I stood in the receiving line.

The very first guest we greeted was Andi Kabakow, teenage reporter for the Alexander Hamilton High School paper, who reminded me of myself at her tender age. She was firmly armed with a big notebook and several sharpened pencils and she told me she is going to be a journalist. "The first thing, of course," she said with professional finality, "is to be sure everybody's name is spelled correctly." She took down all of ours—and moved off to get all the others just as soon as they arrived at the party.

And arrive they did, many of the high-schoolers accompanied by teachers and professors and all very, very interested to learn all the details about the new magazine devoted to them and subjects that interest them: INGENUE.

Before long, teenage formality was melted by the dance band that swung into the most popular numbers, our young guests were crowding the dance floor in the center of the big Rodeo Room and the punch bowls and buffet tables of sandwiches, cakes and cookies were doing a landslide business.

You must admit that mixing fans and stars is something new in Hollywood social events. And I was, at first, a bit nervous how it would come off.

When I saw **Jim Mitchum** (the image of his dad, Robert) twirling an entranced little high school youngster around the dance floor, both having a high old time for themselves—I knew the answer. The ice was broken and everyone was having fun—and how.

Let me tell you some of the younger set screen élite who attended:

There were **Gary Cooper**'s daughter Maria, looking so poised and beautiful as was **Fred Astaire**'s charming daughter, Ava. With Ava was Mrs. Fred Astaire, Jr., her sister-in-law.

Being quite grown up and definitely showing that *they* were over twenty-one were **Lindsay Crosby**, **Ronnie Burns**, **Nick Adams**, **John Saxon** (he with a long beard for a movie role that made him look at least thirty-five), Lance Reventlow (Barbara

Shelley Fabares and Tommy Cole seemed to be showing Annette Funicello a tricky new step . . . at least it looked tricky to me.







Carol Lynley and Bob Sherr (top left) were doing a dance I know quite well. It's still called the fox-trot. But I think Michael Callen (top right) was making up the dance he was demonstrating to Corlyn Chapman.

to ingenue



Ron Ely (above), dancing with his date June Blair soon captured my attention. You see, I had thought June was Linny Crosby's girl. But the most romantic couple on the dance floor that afternoon was Anna Maria Alberghetti (right) and her husband-to-be, Buddy Bregman.





But I was having as much fun as anyone. Who in the world wouldn't enjoy dancing with Jim Mitchum?

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

ADMIRING the new Ingenue cover were Barry Coe and Judi Meredith

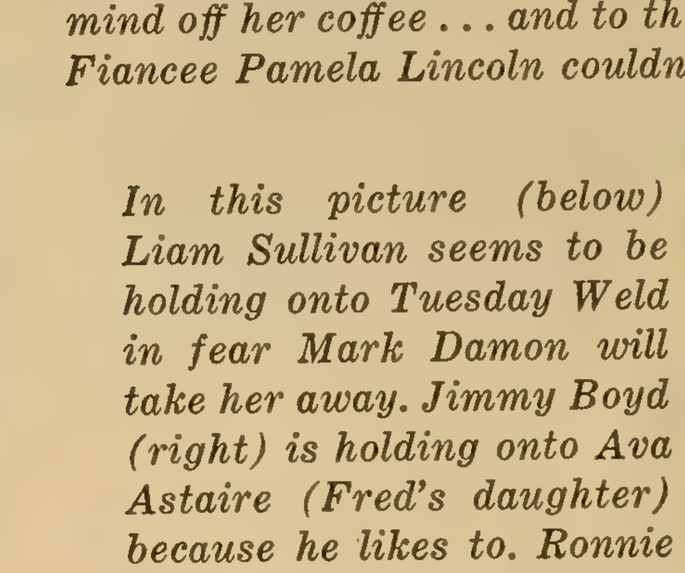






To the left was Dwayne Hickman trying to take Dorothy Provine's mind off her coffee . . . and to the right, Darryl Hickman whose pretty Fiancee Pamela Lincoln couldn't take her eyes off him.

In this picture (below) Liam Sullivan seems to be holding onto Tuesday Weld in fear Mark Damon will take her away. Jimmy Boyd (right) is holding onto Ava Astaire (Fred's daughter) because he likes to. Ronnie Burns is only looking on.





SITTING THIS ONE OUT!

Hutton's sportscar-driving son) with his best girl **Jill St. John**, Jack Jones, **Troy Donahue**, and **Linda Cristal**. **Peter Brown** came stag, his first time out since his separation from **Diane Jergens**.

The autograph books came out full force with the arrival of **Robert Horton**, the newlywedded **Ty Hardins**, **Will 'Sugarfoot' Hutchins**, **Molly Bee**, **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy**, the **Dean Joneses**, **John Gavin** with his wife and cute little fifteen-year-old sister, Reinita, **Richard Egan** and his pretty **Pat Hardy**, **Anna Maria Alberghetti** and her fiance Buddy Bregman, and handsome **Robert Dix** with his wife, Janet Lake (they had reconciled that very day).

Susan Kohner (so wonderful in *Imitation of Life*) created quite a stir. Her escort was **Nick Adams**—doing okay in his career, too.

And more and more of them came—lovely little **Carol Lynley**, pretty **Connie Towers** (making her screen debut in *Horse Soldiers*), the attractive **Elaine Donahue** with Jack Jones, **Barry Coe**, **Robert Young**'s daughter Barbara, **Tuesday Weld**, Margaret and Theresa Thomas (Danny's daughters) Alana and **Alan Ladd, Jr.**, **Judi Meredith**, Christopher and Jessica Seiter, **Frank Sinatra**'s daughter, Nancy, Jr.

With all this youth circulating around, I must say that Al Delacorte and Alice Thompson had courage to call for a bit of quiet in order to make brief speeches.

But our wonderfully behaved young guests were the essense of politeness as Alice began with a few words about the reason for the party, to launch INGENUE.

Alice said, in part: "An ingenue is an ingenuous young girl. What is ingenuous? According to Mr. Webster and friends it is *free-born, noble, frank, of a superior character, honorable, free from guile, open, artless, naïve*. These adjectives describe our readers.

"We want the pages of INGENUE to be *your* pages, pages you'll keep, refer to, mark up, even tear out and put on your bulletin boards or your bedroom mirrors. We want the magazine to be your manual for daily living—as close a *friend* as printed pages can be."

Mrs. Thompson got a big hand for these words and others about the new publication—but believe me, I was *bowled* over when Al Delacorte, in addition to the things he had to say about INGENUE, launched into one of the most wonderful tributes to me, your GOOD NEWS reporter in the pages of MODERN SCREEN, that I have ever heard.

Modesty prevents me from repeating all the things Al said, but I was sincerely touched straight to the heart when a big cake was rolled in—alight with candles, wishing me 'Happy Anniversary' on my fifteenth year with MODERN SCREEN—and that isn't all.

Al presented me with a gold charm bracelet I shall treasure always. The charms represented (1) a gold replica of the cover of the first magazine issue in which my column appeared (**Hedy Lamarr** was on the cover); (2) a set of gold frames which snapped open containing the four MODERN SCREEN editors with whom I have worked, Chuck Saxon, Wade Nichols, Al Delacorte and our present editor David Myers; (3) a gold circlet with the numeral '15'—for my fifteen years; (4) the Dell Publications YEARBOOK—in which I make my predictions annually; (5) a gold disc with the numeral '1'—for the new INGENUE. And the first editorial Al wrote announcing my GOOD NEWS column for MODERN SCREEN. Such a lovely surprise! Such a



Linda Cristal (above) points out something of interest to Troy Donahue . . . could be the loving look that Jill St. John (right) gave to Lance Reventlow.





The big surprise was seeing Robert Dix and his estranged wife, Janet Lake together. They had reconciled that very day.



Gatheredatthepunch bowl Will Hutchins joined the Ty Hardins in a toast to their newlywedded bliss.

This was one of the first parties ever where fans and stars mixed freely. Autographs flowed (here Dean Jones is signing) and everyone *enjoyed it.*



thoughtful, sentimental gift.

I was so sincerely touched it was hard to make my speech of appreciation. Believe me, these Delacortes are nice people to work for and I mean Al's fine father, George Delacorte, too.

After all this, I just decided to relax and enjoy myself and the youngsters—naturally showing my new bracelet to everyone who came up to chat.

But I guess I just wouldn't have been Parsons if I hadn't noted a couple of bits of 'news.'

I couldn't help noticing that Linny Crosby's former girl friend, **June Blair** was present with **Ron Ely**. Linny was with another attractive belle—so I guess June and Linny are finished as a romantic item.

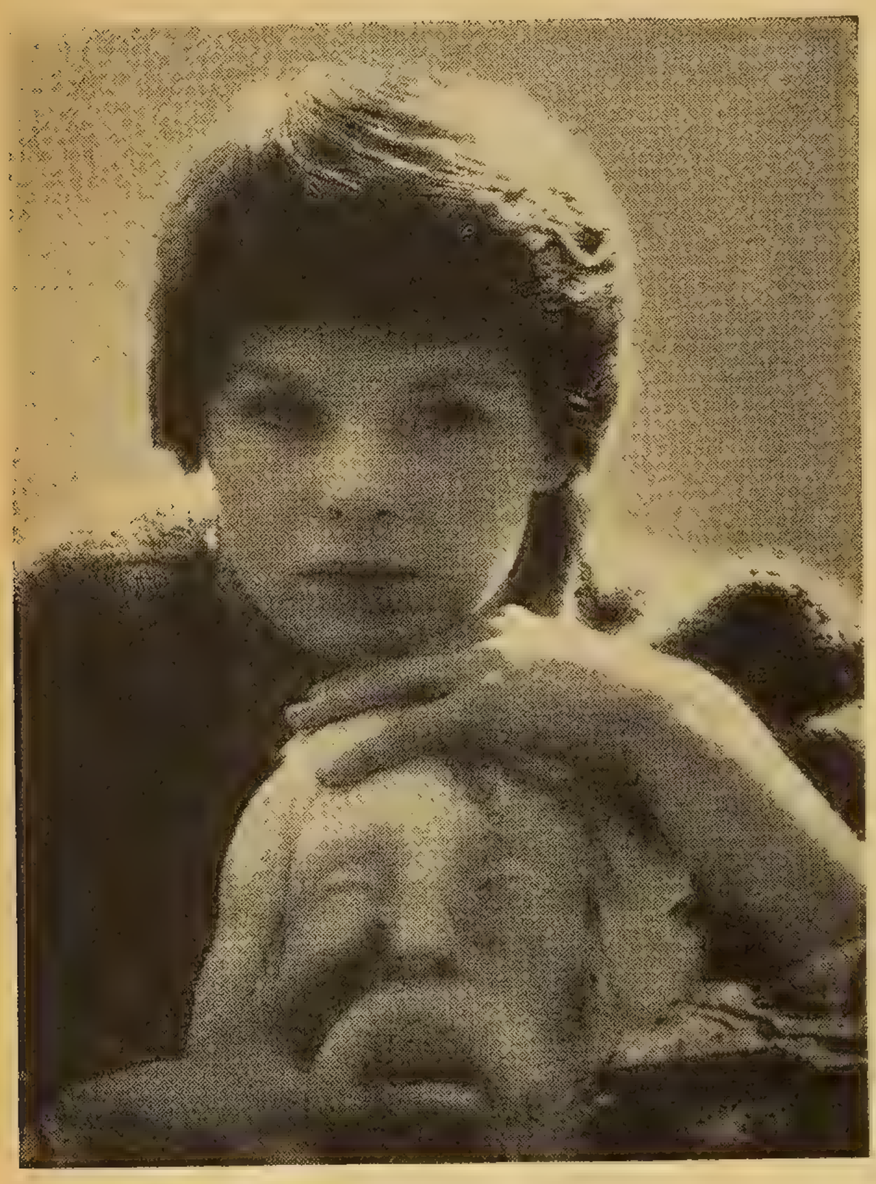
Also, Alan Ladd, Jr. brought along the girl he tells me he is going to marry—Patty Beatsley. Laddie and Patty went to USC together. She's now a dental assistant and they've been steady-dating for two years. The engagement will be announced officially this summer.

(There, David Myers—don't say I didn't get you a scoop even on such a big social afternoon!)

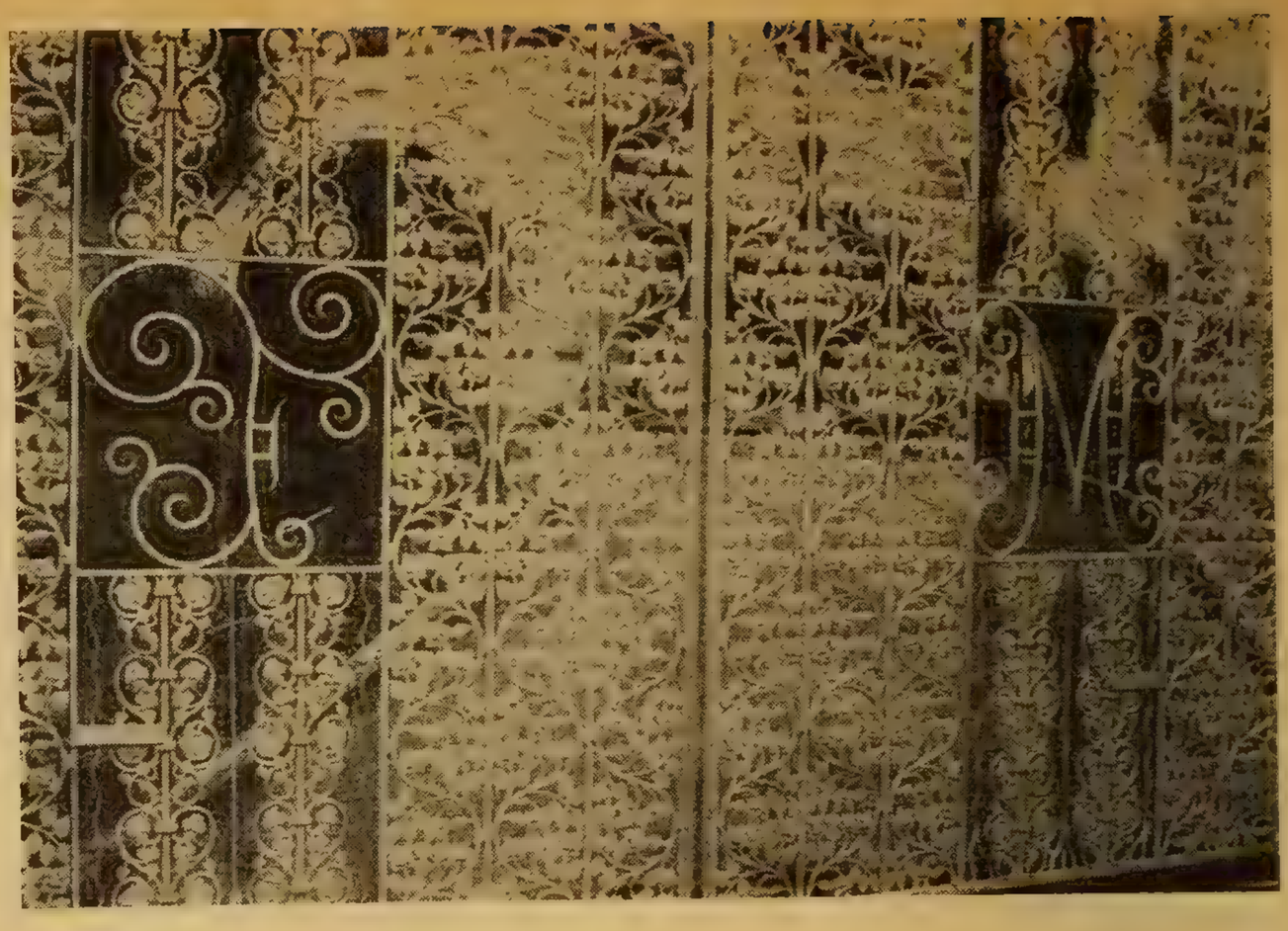


Alice Thompson, the editor of Ingenue and Albert Delacorte, the publisher, looked on as I showed my new bracelet to Jill St. John.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



I'm afraid Diane Varsi is overdoing the eccentric bit. It could hurt her very badly.



This is the initialed gate to Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay's Holmby Hills estate.



For once, Bob Hope is listening to his doctor's warning to take it easy and cure that clot.

OPEN LETTER to DIANE VARSI:

Watch yourself, girl! You're over-doing the eccentric bit.

I know you are one of the most promising young actresses on the screen today. You proved it in *Peyton Place*. Your studio, 20th Century-Fox, has great plans for you. But remember this—you still have a long way to go.

You are not helping your career by constantly turning down good screen roles offered you by 20th and loan-outs to other companies. You have hardly achieved the position or judgment of picking and choosing stories.

And it is ridiculous that you refuse to let your employers have your home telephone number or address. I am told the only way your bosses can get in touch with you is by telegram sent in care of your agent. What kind of nonsense is this?

Also, when you were recently summoned to the studio for a conference with your producer for a TV series, you showed up in blue jeans and *bare feet!*

I am quite aware of the fact that you look upon yourself as an uninhibited character and a non-conformist. That's all right if you want to do it on your own time.

But there is such a thing as ordinary politeness—and wearing shoes to business conferences is just a matter of ordinary consideration for *other* people.

If I seem to be talking to you with no punches pulled—I mean it that way.

I think you are a rare asset to motion pictures, a young actress of authentic power. But don't ruin *everything* before you really get started. Let the Beatniks and the failures do that.

A warning for BOB

To start the clinical report—**Bob Hope**'s doctor has *warned* him to take it easy—and I couldn't be less surprised. This whirling dervish doesn't know what it is to rest—and flesh is only flesh.

After he collapsed at a TV rehearsal, it came out that Bob had also been very ill in Madrid, and hospitalized on his recent tour of U.S.A. bases.

The doctor says Bob has developed a clot of blood behind one eye and only rest will cure him. For once—Robin is listening.

Another BRANDO blowup

And, it was in a *hospital*, of all places, that **Marlon Brando** and **Anna Kashfi** staged their latest battle!

Anna, never a strong girl, became ill after finishing her movie comeback in *Night of the Quarter Moon* and was taken to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

Marlon visited her every day and all was such sweetness and honey it looked like a reconciliation might be in the offing when—*wham!* There was such a row between the Brandos in Anna's room that patients all up and down the hall heard them.

Despite the loud voices, no one seemed to know what the battle was about. But Anna's doctor got her out of there the next day with no forwarding address left for her estranged husband.

Other hospital cases:

Yul Brynner: An eye operation in London.

Gisele MacKenzie: So sad—she and Bob Shuttleworth lost the baby they wanted so much.

Christine Carere: No one at her studio, 20th, knew the little French actress was on the stork's list until word came from France that she and Phillipe Nicaud had lost their expected baby.

Gene Tierney: Re-entered Menningers' Clinic for further psychiatric treatment of her own volition because "I am too nervous to return to the screen." (Please get well soon, Gene, everyone is pulling so hard for you.)

Joan Fontaine: Still on the sidelines of her career with a blood ailment—but she's happy UCLA tests show it is not a malignancy.

PERSONAL OPINIONS

Kathy Grant and **Bing Crosby** denied their second date with the stork. But then they denied the *first* date until they were jolly well good and ready to announce it. . . .

When they first separated, it was **Sheilah Madison** carrying the torch and hoping **Guy** would come home. Now it's Guy doing all he can to patch things up with his wife and woo her back, with Sheilah holding out to have a career of her own. . . .

It's been a long time since Hollywood has seen such naïveté as **Jayne Mansfield** and **Mickey Hargitay**'s initials inter-twined in a big heart on the iron gates of their Holmby Hills estate! . . .

There never was a cuter mother-daughter picture than that national magazine cover of **Shirley MacLaine** and her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter 'Sachie' showing Sachie all done up like a glamour girl and mimicking mama Shirley's exact expression. . . .

Louis Jourdan doesn't look a day older than he did twelve years ago when David Selznick first brought him to Hollywood from France. . . .

June Allyson seems more and more satisfied with her role of Mrs. **Richard Powell** and her closest friends are now in social—not movie—circles. Seems such a short time ago that June was No. One on the fan polls and her picture appearing three or four times a year in the fan magazines. . . .

Tyrone Power's estate proves that he was far more generous with his ex-wives than most. Far from the $5,000,000 **Linda Christian** claims he was worth, it appears Ty's estate will be closer to $500,000—a lot of money, but not for a star who made $250,000 per picture.

AUDREY'S accident

It's been a black month for serious accidents, illnesses and hospital cases.

The most serious casuality was poor little **Audrey Hepburn** who was thrown from a stallion, breaking her back, while shooting *The Unforgiven* in Mexico. The entire production had to be halted with **Burt Lancaster**, **Lillian Gish**, director John Huston and the rest of the company coming back to Hollywood from Durango to await Audrey's recuperation.

Luckily, if there was anything lucky about it, the two broken vertebrae in Audrey's back did not affect her spine and there was no permanent paralysis.

Mel Ferrer was out of his mind with worry until he reached Audrey's side. He had a terrible trip to Durango. The Mexican airlines were on strike, the plane he chartered to fly him and a specialist to Audrey was forced down miles from Durango, and with his worry about his wife—the whole thing was a nightmare.

Audrey was flown home in a special ambulance-plane and as this is written the doctors are hopeful she can resume work in five weeks.

"But she'll get back on that horse again over my dead body!" swears Mel.

EDDIE concerned for DEBBIE???

Eddie Fisher called **Debbie Reynolds** every day while she was in Mt. Sinai Hospital suffering from a blood clot on her knee!

I got this straight from Eddie who told me he was begging Debbie not to go on with her dance sequences with **Bob Wagner** in *Say One for Me* until her knee was completely healed. She had injured her leg during rehearsals with Bob.

"It's the same knee she threw out of kilter when she was on my TV show last summer," Eddie said with real concern in his voice. "She shouldn't go on with those strenuous dance routines until that clot is completely dissolved. I told her so." Then Eddie asked me to help convince Debbie that he is right.

But don't get your hopes up. Debbie didn't. Their divorce was coming up in ten days.

All she said to Eddie and to me was, "I haven't time to be sick. I have to be in Madrid (for *It Started with a Kiss* with Glenn Ford) in three weeks."



Debbie's answer to Eddie's plea that she rest was, "I haven't time to be sick."



Mel Ferrer was out of his mind with worry until he reached Audrey. "She'll get back on that horse over my dead body," he swore

LOUELLA PARSONS *Continued*



Lady Beatty and Frank Sinatra—they'll be married . . . or not speaking.

Has FRANKIE got marriage in mind?

Where **Frank Sinatra** and Lady Adele Beatty are concerned—*two* things are for sure. By the time you read this they'll either be *married*—or they won't be speaking. Your guess is as good as mine. Where Frankie is concerned, who knows what will ever happen?

As I write this he's 'in love.' Once again pictures of the dark, beautiful Adele Beatty are adorning his dressing table and the piano in his home. And you can bet that Frankie called London inviting Adele to come to Hollywood. She isn't the type of girl who would bury her pride and come tagging after him.

Not after what happened on his last trip to London. The British press each day was headlining that Frankie (there to appear at the première of **Danny Kaye**'s picture) and Lady Adele would be married.

Then came the night of the première and with Frankie standing in the spotlight and before her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth, he said: "I didn't come here to get married!"

That looked like the end of his 'beautiful friendship' with Adele. When he left London they were barely speaking.

Now suddenly the romance is hot and heavy again with some of Frankie's pals thinking he really has marriage in mind this time.

Who is Lady Adele Beatty? I've known her for years, even as far back as when she was Adele Dillingham, beautiful young fashion associate on *Harper's Bazaar*. Then she married good looking Los Angeles attorney Bill O'Connor and everyone thought them very happy. At this time, Adele handled some exclusive publicity accounts and frequently planted items for my column with me.

Soon after she and Bill surprisingly separated, the rich and titled Lord Beatty visited Hollywood and at one of the big parties given in his honor, Adele was seated next to him. When she married him and went to London it was a Page One story.

Since then, almost everything the American-born Lady has done has hit the front pages including the time Bill O'Connor made a flying trip to London and 'kidnapped' their son.

A few years later, Lord and Lady Beatty were involved in a sensational divorce. . . .

You may be asking—how did she and Frankie ever cross paths?

It happened this way: Last fall, Adele came here to visit her son who was attending school in California. She was the houseguest of her old friend, Minna Wallis, sister of producer Hal Wallis. Many of her Hollywood friends planned parties for her, among them **Merle Oberon**.

Frank Sinatra was a guest, stag this night—and for the entire evening Frank danced with no one but Adele.

That's the way it started. Who knows where it'll end?



That smart little Margaret O'Brien is investing her child-star savings wisely.

MARGARET O'BRIEN —a wise girl

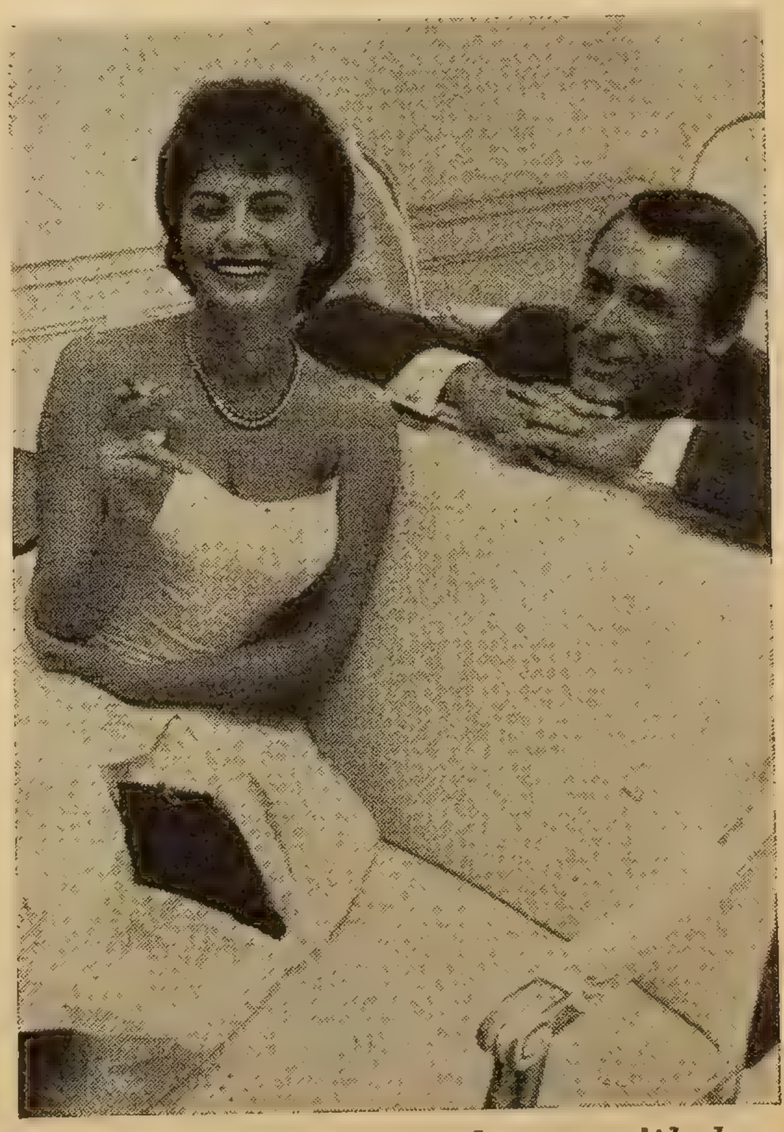
You can bet your bottom dollar they'll never be holding any benefits for that smart little girl, **Margaret O'Brien**. Soon after her twenty-first birthday, when she came into possession of the $300,000 which had been saved for her from her salary as a child star, I talked with Margaret on the phone.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" I asked.

"One thing I'm not going to do with it—spend it," she laughed. "I'm putting it in the hands of my attorney, a trusted family friend. He will invest it carefully for me. I shan't touch it."

I am glad for Margaret, who was so crushed at the time of the death of her mother last year, that she has found love and romance. She tells me that she and young advertising man, Roger Allen, will be married late this year, sometime after the first anniversary of her beloved mother's death.

"Roger and I are in love," she said, "but we want to be sure. A waiting period never hurt real love." Smart girl, this little Miss O'Brien.



Lovely Sophia Loren clowns with her three favorite actors—all in one!

SOPHIA's Choice

Asked to name her three favorite actors, **Sophia Loren** replied:

"**Cary Grant**, Cary Grant and Cary Grant."

ROCK's a real comfort

Although both loudly insist there's no romance, there's no denying that **Rock Hudson** is doing all he can to comfort Debbie (Mrs. Tyrone) **Power**. Rock will be godfather when the Power son is christened and he frequently escorts Debbie to previews.

Well, real affection has grown out of less. We'll see what we'll see about Rock and Debbie.

Untrue rumors

No one was more surprised than **Anna Maria Alberghetti** to read in the newspapers the quote from her mother, "I shall not attend the marriage of my daughter to Buddy Bregman. I said six months ago when marriage rumors first broke that I planned to be sick the day they were wed. I still plan to be sick!"

Anna Maria was almost in tears when I talked with her about this.

"Mother does not approve of my marriage to Buddy because he is a divorced man and we are a devout Catholic family. But she told me herself that while she could never approve of my marrying Buddy we had her understanding."

Mrs. Alberghetti also said, "Hollywood ruins everyone. Anna Maria was never like this before. Now she's behaving like all the others —doing as she pleases."

All I can say is that I am very sorry about this family rift. The Italian Alberghettis have always been such a close family clan. It's not up to me to say who is right or who is wrong, but I can say I'm very sorry.

LINDA's in a trance

Ever since **Linda Darnell** admitted that a Beverly Hills doctor (who refuses to have his name used) flew to Chicago to aid her through hypnotism into giving her finest performance to date in the stage show, *Late Love*—everybody's talking hypnotism!

Remember a few years ago **Jan Sterling** created a stir when she gave birth to a baby under hypnosis?

Anyway, the Chicago critics raved over Linda, whom they called 'entranced—and entrancing.' She believes a whole new career is opening before her.

I talked over the telephone to both Linda and the doctor in Chicago. Linda told me it wasn't because she was 'afraid' that she submitted to hypnosis.

"I had been treated by Dr. X several times in Beverly Hills before coming on here," she told me. "I was physically worn out and had so much dialogue to learn. I knew the doctor



Hypnosis helped Linda Darnell learn a very long play in a very short time.

could help me and I asked him to come here. The hypnosis helped me in learning this very long play in a relatively short time because I was completely relaxed."

Dr. X (whom I know—he has been a guest in my house) is an M.D. as well as a psychosomatic practitioner. When he got on the phone he said there is much misunderstanding about hypnotism.

"Persons are never hypnotized by another person," he said. "They hypnotize themselves. Linda applied self-hypnosis and was just guided by me."

What an age we live in!

I nominate for **STARDOM**

JOHN KERR

He's the *new* top man in your fan mail this month.

Just like you, I'm a fan of this fine young actor who as the young Navy Lieutenant falls in love with the native girl in *South Pacific* (and all but stole the picture).

Before this, I was deeply impressed with John as the mixed-up college student with **Deborah Kerr** in *Tea and Sympathy* on Broadway.

You've written me to tell you some intimate details about young Kerr, so here goes:

He's happily married to Priscilla Smith, a non-professional (the date, December 28th, 1952) and they have twin daughters, five-year-old Jocelyn and Rebecca, and a little boy born in September of 1957.

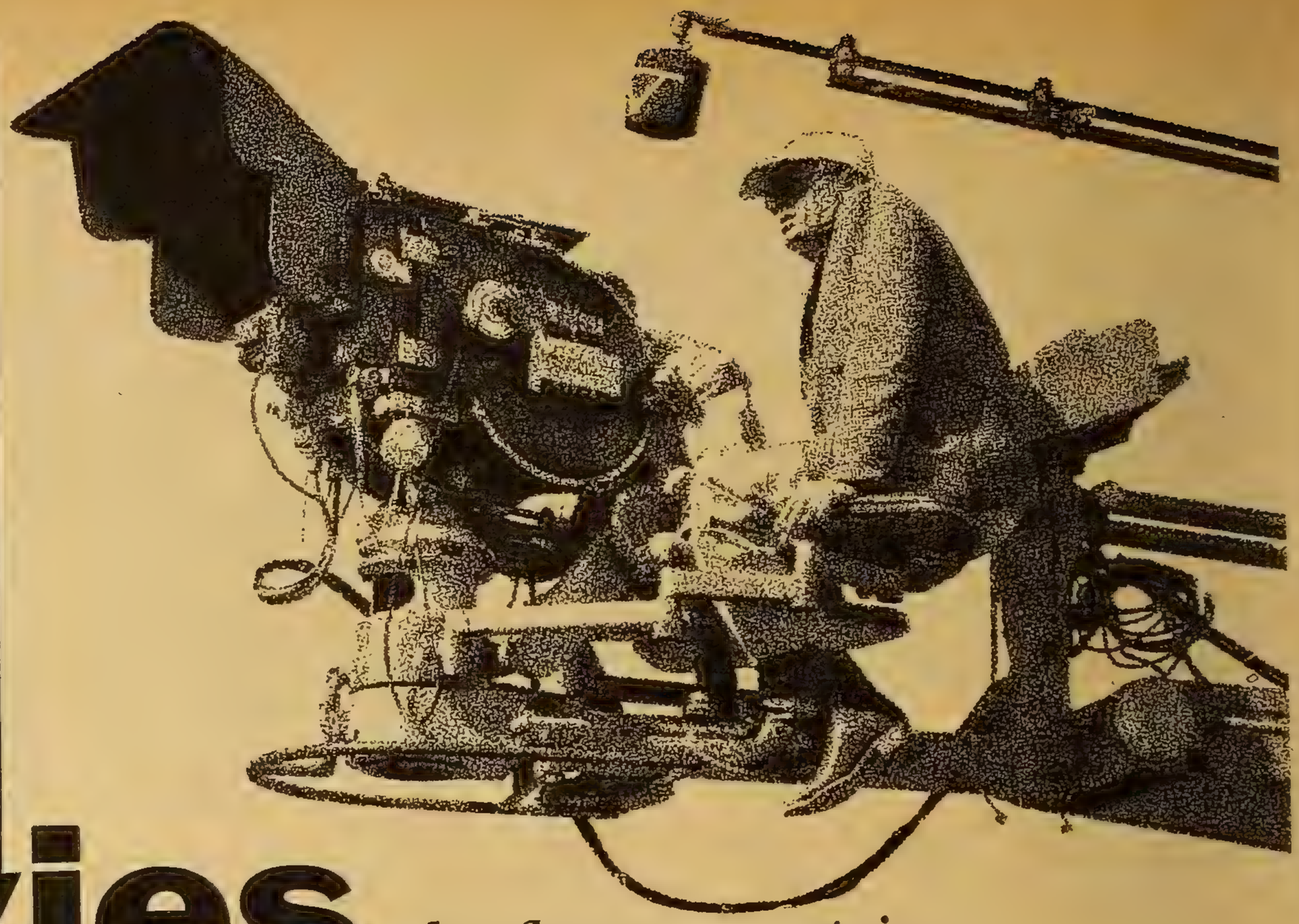
The family is rounded out with a Beagle pup named Joe, and a parrot who *won't* talk. Joe and the parrot go everywhere the Kerrs go and are hardy and avid air travelers coast to coast.

The official home is in New York although the entire clan likes California. Unlike many actors brought up in the theater, John has great respect for the efforts of Hollywood.

He was literally born to the stage. His mother, June Walker, was one of the 'greats' of Broadway and his father, Goeffrey Kerr, is a distinguished actor-writer, now residing in London. Even though it was known from the start that John would pursue an acting career, in his youth his education was a *must*. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy in New England, a military school in Los Angeles, and is a graduate of Harvard University.

He's an unapologetic intellectual who thinks Beatniks are nuts—and he'll never understand what the present generation is 'angry' about.





new movies

by florence epstein

SOME LIKE IT HOT

Marilyn and the roaring twenties

Marilyn Monroe
Tony Curtis
Jack Lemmon
Joe E. Brown
George Raft

▪ Hilarious, warm and winning are the words for this. Marilyn's back. She's the singer in an all-girl orchestra—all girls, except for two. Those two are Tony Curtis (Josephine) and Jack Lemmon (Daphne). Tony and Jack don't *want* to be girls—they almost break their legs trying to walk in high-heeled shoes—they just *have* to be girls. Back in Chicago, in the 1920's when all this takes place, Tony played the saxophone and Jack the bass in a speakeasy. Since this was during Prohibition, speakeasies were, naturally, illegal. Bootleggers were everywhere and gangsters spent parts of every evening machine-gunning rival gangsters. One of those evenings Jack and Tony witness a wholesale murder by George Raft and his boys. George doesn't believe in witnesses. So, to save their lives, Jack and Tony get lost in wigs, cloche hats and flapper gowns (the only appropriate costumes for the one job opening they can find). There they are—in the upper and lower berths of an all-girl Pullman headed for Florida. What happens on that train I can hardly describe. That's where they befriend Marilyn, toward whom it is very difficult to act girlish if you are boyish like Tony. When they arrive at their hotel, Tony knocks himself out being Josephine one minute and a comic imitation of Cary Grant the next. (He imitates Cary Grant so that Marilyn will think he owns a yacht and will fall for him.) The yacht he takes her to one night is actually owned by Joe E. Brown who is mad about Daphne (that's Jack). Jack's so confused, he accepts a diamond bracelet and a marriage proposal on the theory that it will give him security. That's when George Raft blows in. Don't miss any of this!—UNITED ARTISTS.



That's Tony Curtis on the sax and Jack Lemmon behind him, but Marilyn Monroe doesn't know it yet. Some Like It Hot *is a hilarious, warm and winning film.*

COMPULSION

two college boys' nightmare

Orson Welles
Diane Varsi
Dean Stockwell
Bradford Dillman
E.G. Marshall

▪ This movie is based on one of the most sensational murders (and murder trials) in our recent history. Two brilliant young college students, played by Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell, are sons of two of the wealthiest and most respected families in Chicago. They ruthlessly murder a child they hardly know just to see what it feels like. The murder is so carefully thought out that no one suspects them. In fact, Bradford tags after detective Robert Simon trying to help 'crack' the case. Dean, who is a quieter, more elegant type—he speaks fourteen languages and has taken up bird-watching as a hobby—carries on with unruffled poise. But when Bradford dares him to try another 'experiment' and rape classmate Diane Varsi he, fortunately, cannot go through with it. Diane is one of the few people who can reach the more human, sensitive and frightened part of him. One clue, a pair of eyeglasses, at the murder scene incredibly leads to Dean, and under the shrewd questioning by state's attorney E. G. Marshall, the boys' alibis break down. A horror-struck community would like to see them hang, but a famous lawyer (Orson Welles) delivers an impassioned (and—for that time—revolutionary) speech against capital punishment. It is a beautifully acted and absorbing drama.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE MATING GAME

...love and taxes

Debbie Reynolds
Paul Douglas
Tony Randall
Fred Clark
Una Merkel

▪ If you can believe it, there's a man in Maryland still living by the barter system. That's Paul Douglas who owns about four hundred acres of land—three hundred of which are filled with various pieces of junk and farm animals that he trades for food, clothing, etc., to cheer his adoring family—his wife Una Merkel and their five kids, the oldest of whom

(*Continued on page* 56)

TIME IT!
IT'S
TANFASTIC!

NEW! GIVES YOU A FASTER TAN THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT POSSIBLY CAN



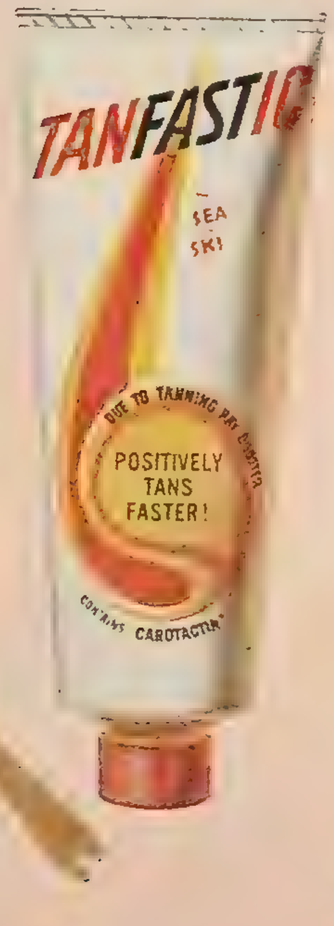


Tanfastic gives you a honey of a tan — faster! Protects from sunburn, too. Leaves even the most delicate skin smooth and supple.

Tanfastic contains an exclusive, new tanning booster, called **Carotactin**, that **speeds up** tanning.

It actually multiplies and intensifies the sun's tanning rays — while screening out harmful burning rays.

Tanfastic — another wonderful product from the makers of **Sea & Ski!**



Now available everywhere—in handy plastic tubes and unbreakable squeeze bottles.

LOOK, MOMMY!





Lovely Screen Star JEANNE CRAIN, and her charming daughter, Jeanine, use Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't you and *your* daughter try it, too?

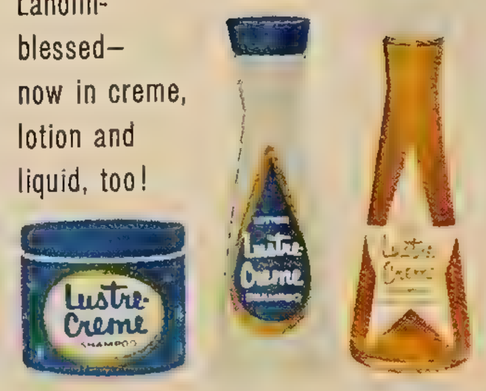
Try new Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo GET TWO FOR 99¢

A $1.20 VALUE

JUST SHAMPOO... SET WITH PLAIN WATER... AND HAVE LIVELY, NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS!

Wonderful new Lustre-Creme leaves hair shining clean, yet so easy to manage, *any* hair-style is easy to set. Curls are springy, waves smooth without annoying flyaway ends, even right after shampooing. All this, thanks to Lustre-Creme's exclusive new non-drying formula!

Lanolin-blessed—now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



WHY WE BELIEVE IN LIZ AND EDDIE'S MARRIAGE

. . . one night a few weeks ago we looked into Liz' eyes . . . . . .













His eyes glued on the T-V camera, Eddie Fisher is singing a love song to one person...Waiting in the wings, unaware that she is being photographed, her eyes fixed in pain and excitement, stands Liz. She has not missed a show, or a rehearsal for months. That is her man on camera. That is the man she will marry despite what the world may think. In this private moment, her eyes prove what so many have denied, that hers is a very very true love...It was one night recently when Eddie announced to the world that he and Liz will definitely marry.

(continued on page 69)



for us there is no tomorrow . . .

the heartbreaking love story of ELVIS PRESLEY and VERA TCHECHOWA

"ALL RIGHT," Elvis Presley said. "I have something to tell you now."

The reporter looked up, startled, from his notes. He had asked, as every reporter always asks El these days, how many cute fräuleins he was dating at the moment. According to last reports ten, maybe twelve. And he expected, as always, that Elvis would grin, hand out a couple of additional names, and tell him he was having the time of his life, he'd never had it so good.

Like always.

Only, suddenly, everything was different. The grin was gone from Elvis' face. His eyes were serious. And there was a new note in his voice.

"All these—these romantic adventures of mine," he began slowly. . . He paused. He took a deep breath. "They're not true," Elvis Presley said. "I have one German girl friend. Only one. Her name is Vera Tchechowa." The dark, serious eyes looked straight at the reporter. "I think it's time I told somebody that. Vera is—the only one."

Fifteen minutes later he walked slowly out of the building, Private First Class Elvis Presley, United States Army. Tall and erect in his uniform, he walked down the Frankfort street to the corner where a white BMW car waited. The girl behind the wheel slid over as Elvis opened the door. For a long moment she waited while he sat, hands gripping the wheel, head bent, eyes looking—nowhere. (*Continued on page 73*)



NATALIE WOOD:

The Bride who said "NO"

Have you wondered where Natalie has been lately? Have you wondered why it has been about fifteen months (when *Marjorie Morningstar* played at your local theater) since you've seen Natalie? One of the most sought-after and popular stars in the motion picture industry has not made a film since her marriage!

For those who have known Natalie since her childhood, this fact is strange, very strange. For Natalie Wood has been working day in and day out as an actress since she was five years old. This is a girl with acting in her blood, a girl to whom constant work has been as natural (and essential) as constant breathing.

At first, no one believed that the young bride was in seclusion. Her friends, her studio, felt sure she could be tempted back to work with the right roles. This past summer, therefore, she was offered one of the great plums of this or any other season: a female lead opposite Sir Laurence Olivier, Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster in *The Devil's Disciple.* Here at last, they felt, was the irresistible part; what young actress in her right mind would give up a chance to play opposite three of the most powerful actors of our time, in a movie that could become an all-time classic?

Why turn that down?

When Natalie said no to the offer, Hollywood was shocked. Her friends argued with her, her studio suspended her, magazines (including ours) having no new developments to report, began to ignore her. Others, with no more to say, printed meaningless chatter about Nat and Bob. Meanwhile, young stars like Sandra Dee, Millie Perkins and Tuesday Weld were moving into the spotlight. Natalie was risking all that she'd worked a lifetime to achieve; and she knew it! (*Continued on page 72*)





There was that gal who put me down... And one who just puzzled me...

chicks I have chucked

(and other women in my life) by SAL MINEO

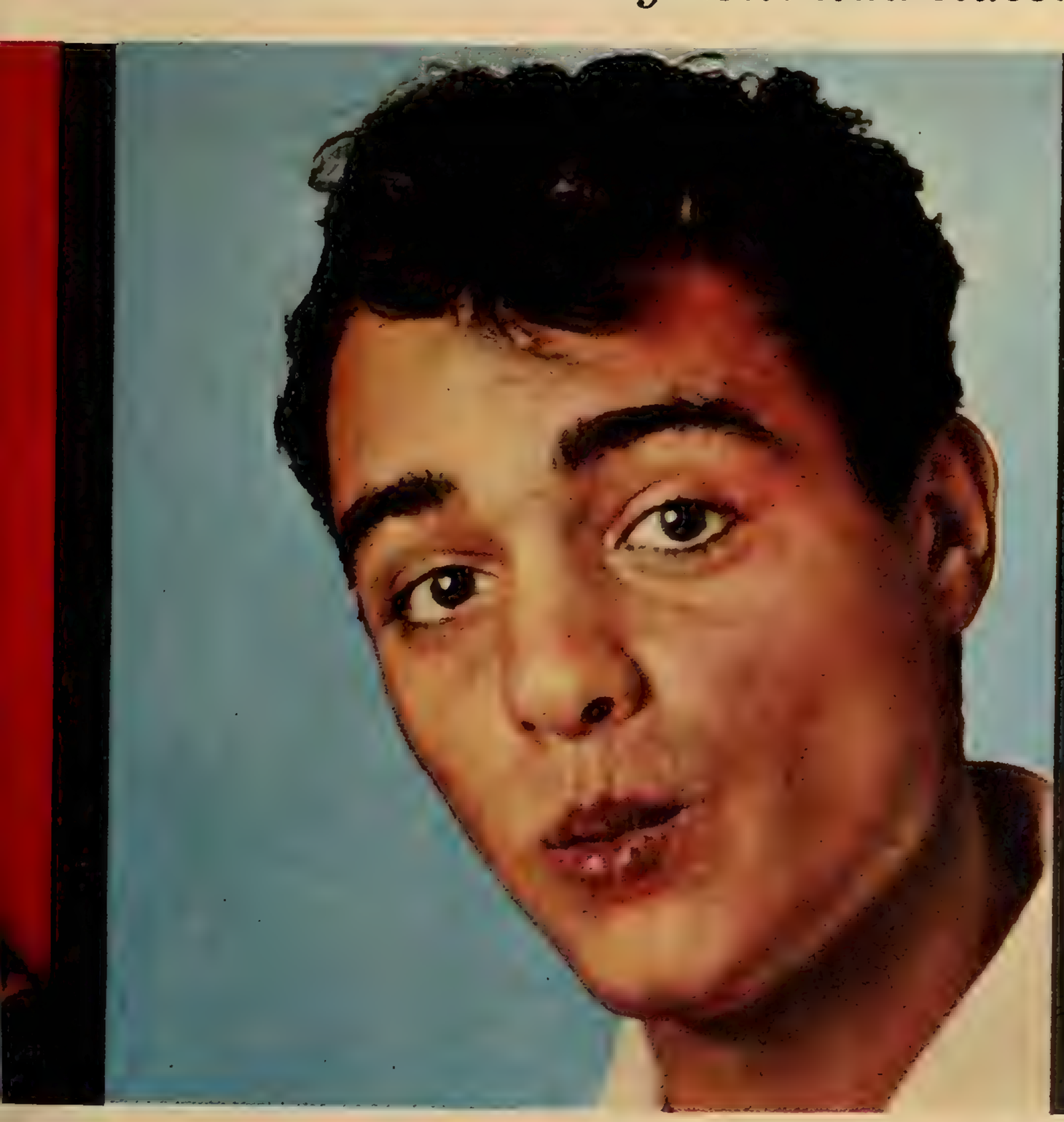


A crazy one preferred my brother.



. . .Then there was Sandy. She had class.

The thing about me is, I respect women. I respect them and I admire them—maybe a little too much, even. I know it sounds kind of naive, but I think some women are pretty close to perfect—they have everything, beauty and cleverness and heart and intelligence—you know, the whole bit. The only thing is, I haven't met one yet. For which I'm pretty grateful. The day I meet one, I'll fall. The day I really fall, I'm a cooked goose. I don't do things halfway, and when I flip it'll be forever. Only I don't think I'm ready for that yet; if I got married now, I couldn't do all the things I have planned, I wouldn't be able (*Continued on page 52*)



. . . .Now I'm eyeing an older woman!



No good can come of this. . .

SLUM KID

as told to George Christy

I'm Edd Byrnes. I had a drunk for a father... a stinking cold-water hole for a pad—and a burning dream to get out. This is my story.

We lived in the heart—no, the guts—of the slums in a cold-water walk-up pad on East 78th Street in New York. The hallway of the six-story building had big holes in it, and the kids were always chipping away at the plaster. Or they'd write four-letter words on the walls. Sometimes a stray cat or dog would huddle in a corner and stink up the place with urine.

I lived with my younger brother Vincent and my mom. My sister, Joanne, wasn't born then. My dad was a staff sergeant in this man's Army, and he was never home.

Vin and I never got to know him too well. Sure, he'd get a three-day pass or a furlough, but all he did when he came to stay was drink. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not knocking him. But facts are facts. He liked his booze, and he spent all of his money on it. That left very little loot for us.

Mom had to take odd jobs in defense plants to see us through those 'hot dogs and baked beans' days. And me, if I wanted Coke or candy change, I'd hop on Sunny Boy Tony's rattletrap truck after school and help him on his rounds, hauling ice,

Next page, Edd gets out





SLUM KID *continued*

Maybe I go a little crazy . . . I date too much (Judi Meridith's my current favorite), but I'm trying to make up for lost time.

Sometimes I get a little scared. What am I doing here with a beautiful girl? I forget that the slum is far behind me.





Now I can buy a girl ice cream . . . And when she laughs . . . Well, I know she's laughing with me, not at me. Not anymore. And I tell you, it feels great!

delivering it to the neighboring saloons. Everyone called him Sunny Boy because he came from Sicily where, his mom said, '. . . the sun, it shines *all* the time.' Or, if I wanted two bits for the movies, I'd play hookey from school and joyride with the ice truck all afternoon.

Those were the days when I roamed the streets like an alley cat, or I'd loaf in department stores where I'd look at chemistry sets. I was thinking seriously about being a chemist. I was twelve or thirteen then, and I had read a comic book about a chemist who saved the world from destruction.

And out of her pinchings and scrapings, my mom bought me a set for Christmas.

When she gave it to me that cold Christmas morning, I just couldn't believe my good luck. I was so excited I started shouting and jumping up and down.

Dad had come home on a holiday pass, and he was still in bed. He wanted to know what in the world all the hollering was about.

I ran into the bedroom (*Continued on page 75*)

SHIRLEY!

she swings!

she's got it made!

she looks like the happiest!

but...

turn the page for the poignant truth about **SHIRLEY MacLAINE'S** private life

"our kind of marriage isn't easy..."



"...sometimes I have to keep up a brave front—for Steffi's sake..."







SHIRLEY clowned it up that night like never before. She perched herself on the piano and sang. She jumped off the piano and danced. She joked around with everybody and she helped pour the champagne and she drank some of the champagne and she had herself a wonderful, beautiful ball.

And why not? This was the most wonderful, beautiful night of her life, wasn't it?

A few hours earlier, *Some Came Running* had been premièred and the pixie-faced freckle-covered girl from Arlington, Virginia, was suddenly the toast of all Hollywood, a great big new star. And in just a few hours from now Steve Parker, her husband, in Japan for practically a year, would board a plane in Tokyo and in less than a day he

continued on next page





SHIRLEY! continued

would be back home—for a few months, at least, in her arms again, with her again and their daughter, Stephanie.

Oh yes, this was Shirley's night, a night to be remembered and enjoyed, a night to laugh and to forget that there was anything but laughter in this life.

But then, a few minutes after one o'clock—just when the party was at its height—the telephone rang.

"Do you want to take the call in that bedroom?" a maid asked, pointing. "It's your husband."

"Steve??" Shirley called out, amazed. She brought her hand up to her face. "Oh my gosh," she said, "maybe he's arrived already. Maybe it's a surprise. Maybe he's at the airport right this minute!" (*Continued on page 77*)

THE MOST AMAZING ADVENTURE ANY STAR HAS LIVED OFF THE SCREEN



ERROL FLYNN'S GAMBLE WITH DEATH



35

1 UNDER SUSPICION



He breakfasted simply, as always: an egg and a glass of vodka; and wrote a letter to a friend: "You may not hear from me for a while," and then he thought to himself, maybe—forever. . . .

For nine days in Havana he had been followed by dictator Batista's police. Today would be no different. But today his hand dared not shake. He dared not lose nerve. Today was the payoff.



3 TAKE-OFF

But this was an American with a different kind o
search . . . one that was to lead very close to death
The plane to no-man's-land took off at 5:00 a.m









2 THE CRAZY AMERICAN

To the police, it looked like a typical day for Errol Flynn. The police report read: A boat and a pretty girl in the morning, a bar and a pretty girl in the afternoon, a cock fight and a pretty girl in the evening, the roulette table and a pretty girl at night. "He is a crazy American," said the police. "He is hunting movie locations."





4 THE TRAP

He was to join the rebel leader Castro, join the bloody revolution for Cuban freedom. For two years he had been planning this moment, but something had gone wrong. They were not Castro's troops who surrounded his plane when it landed, but Batista's. He was under arrest, and Batista arrest meant torture . . . or death.

continued



5 THE TRAP SPRUNG



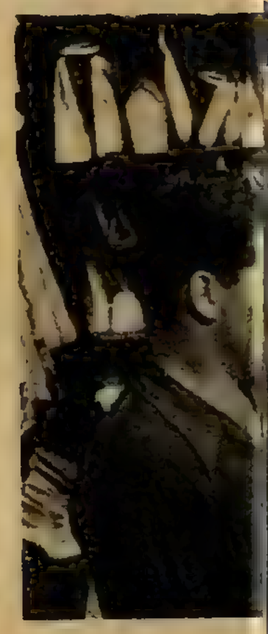
Why did Batista's troops let Flynn go? Because they didn't dare hold him. Flynn was too big a hero to too many people. . . . His protector, Fidel Castro, was far away leading the attack on Santiago, but the battles that saved Errol Flynn's life were the ones he himself had fought, years ago, on the lots of Hollywood . . . fought to the hearts of all Cubans.



Errol Flynn joined Castro's troops and when the battle was won, he was one of ←the victors and one of the wounded. →



6 FREEDOM WON



He was with the troops 'liberating' dictator Batista's house . . . and barbershop, his closets and treasures . . . treasures the people of Cuba claimed as their own.







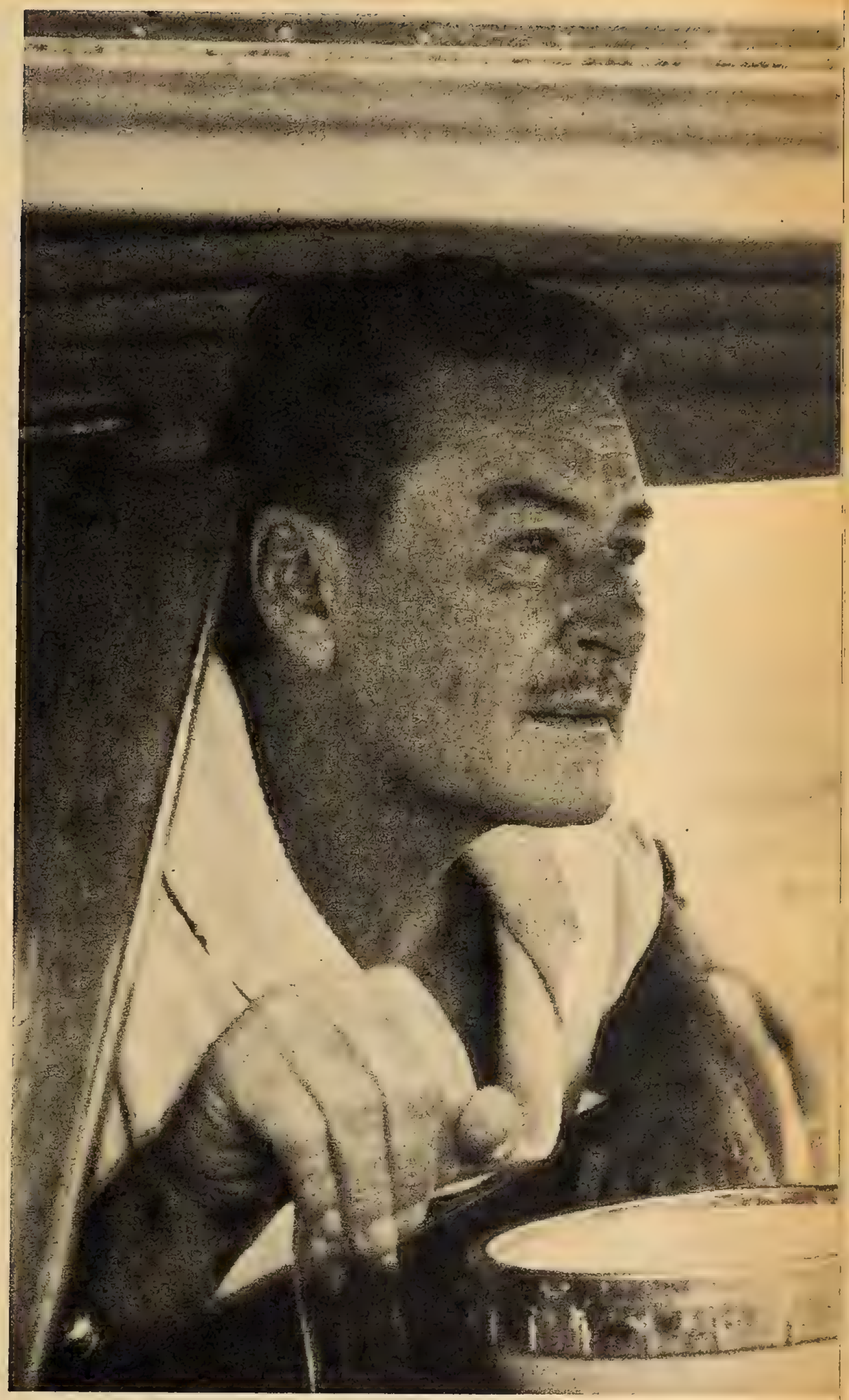






He talked with the new president and promised to take back word of Cuba's new freedom to his own people . . . that this fight was a fight all Americans should understand.





7 WHERE IS THE NEXT BATTLE?

He had been searching for an idealist and found one in Castro. He had been searching for an ideal . . . and found in it freedom.

Now gambling seemed dull . . . and cock fights seemed dull . . . and even beautiful girls had lost their allure. Errol Flynn was ready again for the next war . . . the unending search for an ideal went on. . . .

END

Yo
u
ha
ve



12 days to cha

Mrs. Alberghetti, please!

Please, Mrs. Alberghetti, please!
An advance copy of this magazine is being rushed to you on April 1st.
On April 12th your daughter Anna Maria is getting married.
She wants you to attend her wedding.
She needs your blessing, not your scorn.
Read what Anna Maria has to say. Open your heart. Go to your daughter's wedding!
Please, Mrs. Alberghetti, please!

Dear Mrs. Alberghetti,

In a few days, on Sunday, April 12, your first-born child will walk solemnly down the aisle of St. Ambrose Catholic Church, to be united in holy matrimony with the man she loves. The church may be crowded, but Anna Maria will be alone.

Her father will not be there to give this bride away; he is dead. Her mother will not be there; she will be 'sick.' That's what you've announced for all the world to know, Mrs. Alberghetti: *I said I was going to be sick the day the marriage took place. I am still going to be sick. I will not attend the ceremony.*

She will have to hold her head high, your daughter will, her eyes unblinking against any tears, for this will be a day unlike any other for her. The happiest—and the most heartbreaking. On this never-to-be-repeated, once-in-a-lifetime day, she will go to join her husband, and to leave—since you give her no alternative—her mother . . . forever. . . .



Buddy Bregman

But, God willing, you *will* be there, Mrs. Alberghetti, on the day your daughter needs you most. We pray that you will change your mind, for there is still time, still a few precious days in which to make the decision that will affect you, your daughter, and her husband-to-be for the rest of all your lives. A few days left in which you can change the bitterness in your heart to love.

We've seen this bitterness, Mrs. Alberghetti, in the candid photograph taken of you with Anna Maria. She is dreaming, perhaps of Buddy Bregman, perhaps singing one of his songs, and lost in her thoughts she cannot see your face. We looked at this (*Continued on page 64*)

Please, Mrs. Alberghetti, please change your mind



RITCHIE VALENS



BUDDY HOLLY



BIG BOPPER

I met Ritchie Valens a few days before he left on his fateful tour. He was so happy with his new-found success, so excited, so in love with life. Ritchie told me the story of that life, of his mom, his pop, his girl, Donna. He spoke of them with unashamed emotion, and of himself with an almost bashful modesty. He couldn't understand why I wanted to tell his story in MODERN SCREEN. "I'm not a big movie-star," he said, "and there are a lot of guys who've had hit records. . . ." But I insisted, for I felt that Ritchie's life told something wonderful about America: it was living proof that a poor kid, a member of a minority race, a kid without any special schooling (even in music) *could* become a success—simply by sing-

"...their lips are quiet now

but their happy songs can still be heard in the land..."



ing what he knew sincerely with all his heart. I thought of how, in just a handful of years, a new kind of music, Rock-and-Roll, had opened the doors to a better life for hundreds of guys and gals like Ritchie; and that night I went home and pulled out a whole stack of Rock-and-Roll records, and my wife and I listened (and danced together there alone in the living room) for two or three hours. I guess we had the music on too loud, because it woke up our one-and-a-half-year-old son, so we brought him downstairs and let him swing a little too. He fell on his face a few times, but he dug the beat, for it's a happy beat, steady and true. . . . Two of the singers we listened to that night were Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper, the Texas singers who died with Ritchie on a barren field near Mason City, Iowa, on February 3. Their stories may never be written now—and the joyful story I planned for Ritchie Valens has been tragically edited by the hand of fate. Ritchie's story **begins on the next page.** May it stand for Buddy and the Big Bopper too. And may the joy Ritchie found in his life, and the wonderful message of that life, shine through even now. . . .

David Myers

EDITOR

→

The LIFE and DEATH of RITCHIE VALENS

1941-1959





A wonderful party, a dynamic little guy who sang his heart out, a drive-in movie —and a song, a beautiful song—these are Donna Ludwig's cherished memories . . .

"Introducing Ritchie Valens!"

The round-faced boy ambled shyly onto the stage, a dangle of black hair hanging over his forehead. His wide mouth curved into a warming grin as the eleven hundred youngsters cheered him. He stood before the microphone for a moment, then started strumming the guitar. The steady, thumping beat echoed through the Surf Ballroom of Clear Lake, Iowa, and the onlookers began to bounce to the infectious rhythm. Then the boy began to sing:

"I had a girl . . .
"Donna was her name . . .
"Since she left me . . .
"I've never been the same . . .
"'Cause I love my girl . . .
"Donna, where can you be?"

Now the whole ballroom was alive, the couples swaying and turning to the music. The applause was thunderous when the song was finished. Then the boy's guitar began thumping again, and the crowd (Continued on page 80)



(left) For Connie Valenzuela, Ritchie's mother, surrounded by her friends and family, there could be no comfort. Only the heartbreaking memory of her son's tragedy . . . and for Donna, Ritchie's girl (right), there remained only loneliness and grief—for she would never hear or see or touch him again . . .





I Wish I Could Tell You About Gary Crosby

Gary Crosby came to, looking over the top of his feet. Gradually the room came into focus and he saw all the white around him. He was in a hospital bed. What had happened? He didn't even remember going down. He was just standing there talking—and now he was here—

It had happened twice before. Blacking out like this. Once in Germany. Once at a television rehearsal in New York.

He watched the nurse check the chart at the foot of his bed. And he thought, *Whatever's written there is wrong. They don't know what happened to me. They don't know what's happened before. They don't know how often it has happened before. But it won't happen any more,* he told himself. *At least I won't let it bother me any more. . . .*

In his new apartment, the headlines of the newspaper told an old and familiar story: Gary had gotten into trouble again! A minor matter—if true at all—and yet the papers leaped on it like vultures. And under the headlines—the stories all made the same vicious point: "So you're Gary Crosby? What makes you think you're so big? If it hadn't been for your old man—"

And standing there, Gary looked hurt and angry. He *tried* not to let it bother him . . .

"What do they want from me?" he said finally. "Why hang me? I'd just like to know—what do they want from me?"

"It seems people want me to be exactly like my father. And if I'm not, they're disappointed and mad. But I'm a mixture of my father *and my mother*—I'm not just straight my-father. I love my old man, but—"

He paused in thought, and lit a cigarette.

"I don't mind if I do something really wrong and get knocked for it. That's (*Continued on page 56*)

Beauty and the Beast

The story of Audrey Hepburn's daring ride at Durango . . .



THEY'D had a wonderful week together. But now it was Sunday night and the week was over and they stood near the car, saying their good-byes.

Normally, Audrey Hepburn would have hated to see Mel Ferrer go away like this. But she knew that he had to leave her and return to Hollywood for good reason—to put the finishing touches on *Green Mansions*, a picture he'd directed, an important mark in his career.

Besides, Audrey knew, location work on her new picture, *The Unforgiven*, would be finished in less than a month and she would then be able to leave the village of Durango and be with her husband again.

And so she didn't mind—not even as they held one another now, there in the heavy Mexican moonlight, and said good-bye, and kissed.

"*Señor,*" a voice called out, suddenly, from behind them, in the middle of their kiss.

It was Pablo, the chauffeur, rushing out from the pink adobe bungalow, carrying the last of Mel's baggage.

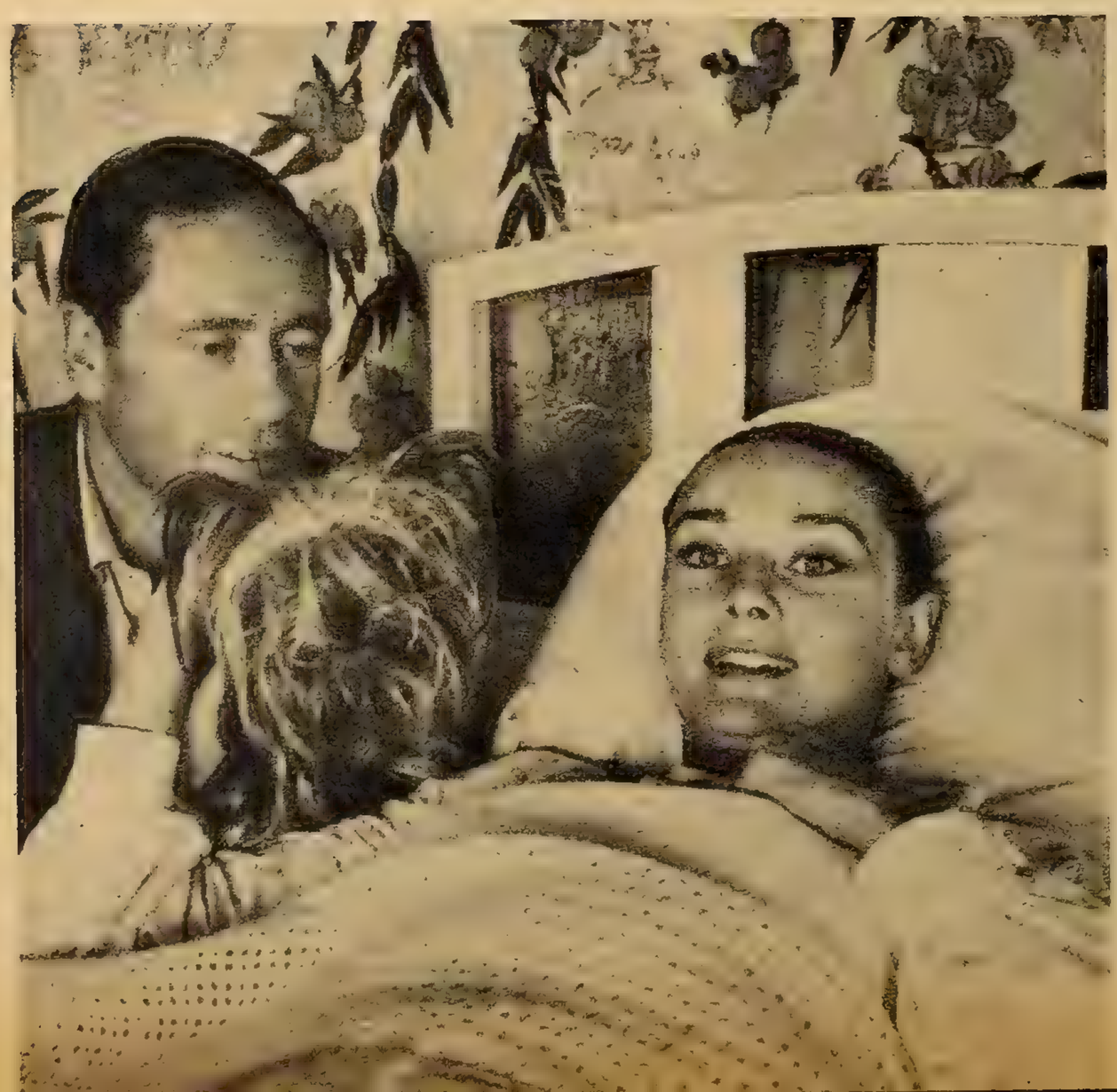
"I told the pilot that we will definitely be there at ten o'clock," the big, friendly voice boomed on, "—and it is nearly that time now. We must go."

As he loaded the baggage into the trunk of the car, Mel and Audrey

continued next page ——————→

This is the picture the newspapers didn't get . . . taken immediately after Audrey fell to the ground, unconscious. At that moment, no hope was held for her.

"Miss Hepburn will live," said the doctor, "but I cannot guarantee she will ever move . . ."



kissed once more.

Then, minutes later, the car began to pull away, jauntily, over the narrow, bumpy road.

Audrey waved.

"I'll see you soon, my darling," she called out.

And as she did, a cloud high above her began to settle under the moon.

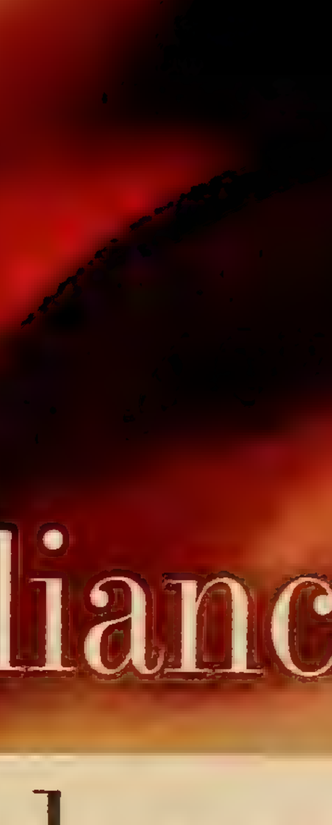
And, slowly, everything became bathed in darkness and Audrey, cold suddenly, shivered and walked back to the house. . . .

It was at that precise moment, in the dimly-lit (*Continued on page 66*)

"I'll be all right, Mel," Audrey whispered bravely from her hospital bed, "I will be."

Wild new brilliance at your lips:

stays bright longer because there's more color in it!



othing timid or tame about it: brilliant new Cutex heer Lanolin Lipstick brings more beautiful color than er to your lips...color that *stays bright* and glowing, eps its fresh just-put-on look...long after other lip-icks fade away, change color, go flat, dim, *dull!*

The secret? Exclusively Cutex. Only Cutex puts more actual coloring into every lipstick...to put more *stay-bright* color into every shade! From the softest, palest, lightest pink to the wildest, richest, ripest red...there's nothing more exciting, more alive, more beautiful *on you* than Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick. Don't do without it one minute more! Only 79c plus tax.

CUTEX® Sheer Lanolin Lipstick in the new designer's case

RTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

Chicks I Have Chucked

(*Continued from page 27*)

to spend enough time with my wife. Being from a big family, I'd like to have a lot of kids of my own. But now I'm too full of that go-go-go to really settle down. I'm the type of guy that can't stay in one place too long; I've got to keep moving.

Like I say, fortunately I haven't met the right gal yet.

But I have met a lot of others. Most of them had at least *some* of those things I talked about a minute ago. A couple of them came so close to having them all—within about an inch, say—that I had to run for my life. And then there were some that were so far off—man, I remember one who turned out to have *nothing,* nothing at all. . . .

Well, I shouldn't say that. She had beauty. That's what made me ask her out in the first place; if there's one thing I go ape for, it's a good-looking girl. I won't give you her name—it wouldn't mean anything to you because she isn't an actress or anything—and besides, I'd rather forget it. I'd rather forget the whole business if I could—it's the one time I really lost my temper in front of a girl, and I'm ashamed of it. When Mineo blows up, boy, he blows—and he feels lousy afterwards.

Anyway, I took this good-looking gal out one night in New York. We went to a nightclub with a bunch of friends of mine from the Bronx. Now, I ought to say something about these guys to start off. They're a tough looking gang. In some ways, maybe they *are* tough. But they're the sweetest guys in the world at heart, they're my oldest friends, I grew up with them, I've got a lot in common with them and we'd do anything—I mean *anything*—for each other. We love each other, whether it sounds corny or not. And we protect each other, if you know what I mean. For instance, I kiddingly call them The Gang, or The Mob—and they usually call me Champ. But that's only among ourselves. When we have dates, especially new ones, we sort of lay off on wise cracks.

Which this gal didn't.

She put me down

The minute we sat down with the guys and their dates, she started in. You know, making cracks. Like, "Where'd you find your friends, Sal—on the waterfront?" At first I figured she was kidding. So did the guys. They can take a joke, they don't melt. So we just let it pass.

Only she didn't stop. She went on and on and I looked around the table and saw that the guys' dates were starting to get embarrassed. And it's lousy for a guy to be taken down in front of his girl. Well, mentally I made every possible excuse for this girl. In the first place she was a real stunner (she knew it, too) and I'll go pretty far for a girl who really knocks me out. In the second place, she was the kind who goes big for photographers and autographs and stuff, so I thought maybe she was disappointed at being out with a crowd where she wouldn't get all the attention. Anyway, I ran through all the excuses I could think of and then finally I said, "Look, I hope you're kidding with this stuff."

"Sure I am," she said.

"All right," I told her. "The joke's getting thin. Quit it and let's enjoy ourselves."

Well, she was exceptionally nice to me but for some reason she still had it in for my friends. Another ten minutes and I was beginning to burn. Her curiosity was too much.

And then she came out with: "Does Sal always pick up the check for you boys?"

That did it. I swung around in my chair and said, "I suppose you're still kidding?"

"Sure."

"Are you?"

"All right," she said. *"I'm not!"*

My head went—*BOOM!*

I shoved back my chair and I said to the guy next to me, "Would you mind moving out?"

Then I got up. I swear, steam must have been coming out of my ears. I waved to a waiter and I told him to get the young lady's wrap.

"What're you doing?" she said, turning slightly purple.

"Honey," I told her, "you're going home!"

One of the other guys put her in a cab. I didn't trust myself to be alone with her. I sat and glowered at the table till the guy came back and wiped his hands and said, "Well, now that that wet blanket's gone, let's have a ball."

And we did.

But, like I said, I get embarrassed thinking about it. Nobody else in my family would kick a girl out of a nightclub, no matter what she said, and it isn't something I'm proud of. Mostly, I keep my temper under control—a lot of people think I haven't got one. But it's simply because I'm scared to let it go. Who wants to lie awake all night hating himself?

Well, on to nicer subjects.

Sandy had class

For instance—and here's a girl whose name I don't mind telling you—Sandra Dee. That is a *doll.* The funny thing is, I would probably never have had a date with her if it hadn't been for an argument I had with another girl—only this time a nice, normal, under-control type fight. It took place in a coffee house the afternoon we were supposed to go to *The Big Country* première together, and not only did I not lose my temper, but I even paid for her coffee right while we were breaking our date for that night. Don't ask me what the fight was about—I don't remember. Actually, I hardly knew the girl. She was a very well-known star; we had met once before and I'd asked her out, but nothing seemed to click. You know how that can be—you have enough to talk about, you're both interested, everything should be fine and yet that little spark is missing, the evening's a drag. But I had asked her out again, figuring maybe it was my fault. Lots of girls I'm really interested in tell me I don't *seem* like I am—I'm too casual, too impersonal on a date. So I figured I'd give it another try and I asked her to *The Big Country* and to have a cup of coffee with me that afternoon.

Only things went from bad to worse, and we called it off. So I decided I wouldn't go, and I called this friend of mine at Universal to ask him if he wanted the tickets. Well, we talked for a while and I asked after some of the people I knew on the lot, including Sandy, whom I'd met there once or twice.

"Who's she going with tonight?" I asked, just out of curiosity.

"Well, you know, Sal," my friend said, "it's a funny thing. Sandy's about the most popular kid in Hollywood," (which I can tell you is true—guys chase that little doll all over the place!) "but she isn't going tonight—nobody asked her."

"Excuse me," I said. "I just took back the offer of my tickets."

So I phoned Sandy.

A real doll

"Well, I tell you—she was so *sweet.* I don't know any other word for it. She was so surprised I called, and pleased—and she didn't mind if I knew it. "How about seeing *The Big Country* with me tonight?" I said—and she got all up in the air with excitement—I could practically see her over the phone jumping up and down. She'd never been to a première before, it turned out. I spent half the afternoon wondering what's the matter with Hollywood fellows, that a kid like that didn't have a date for a première, and then something came up in the other half that by rights should have made me break my date. (That's something I do pretty often, actually. If I start seeing a girl, I explain to her that it can happen. I'll be sorry, but I can't always prevent it, no matter how much I want to.) But this time I wouldn't have canceled out for anything. I got through with my business as fast as I could and made a mad dash to Sandy's. I had ordered flowers for her, but I was too late to stop and pick them up, and I was awfully late getting there at all—but when she opened that door, I nearly flipped.

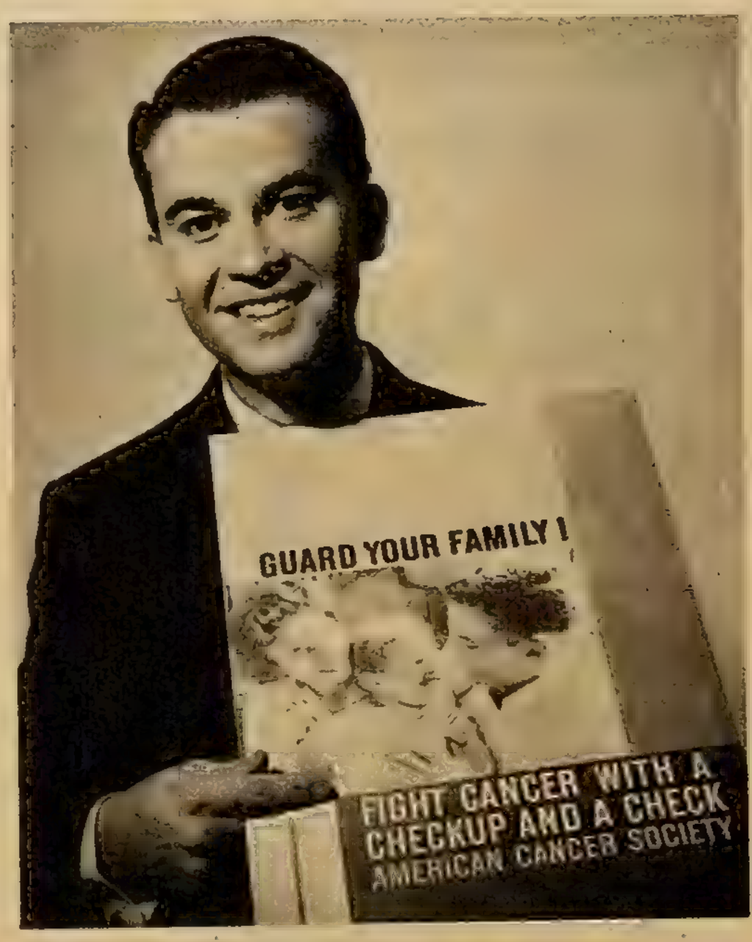
I mean, there stood a little angel. The prettiest, sweetest kid you ever saw. And just dying with excitment. We drove to the preem and she saw the mobs outside and she grabbed my arm. "What do I *do?*" she kept saying. "I'll tell you," I said. "The first thing is, get out of the car. The second thing is, smile." Well, the autograph hunters practically pulled her apart, but she came through it still grinning. After the première we skipped the party and went to LaScala for a quiet dinner. Only with Sandy around, things aren't *quiet.* We had a ball, loads of laughs—and in spite of being so bubbly, she's the kind of date you never have to worry about. She'd never do a rude thing or embarrass you. She has what I call—*class.*

I enjoy dating girls my age or younger, like Sandy or Gigi Perreau, who is also a sweet girl. The girls I date are mature for their age, and anyway the difference in age is not a problem. A girl of sixteen is sometimes just as mature as a girl of twenty-four.

I will admit though, when people mention Brigitte Bardot and Sophia Loren I get that certain gleam in my eyes!

Fortunately, I've never been really hurt by a girl, and as far as I know I've never hurt one either. I hope not. I have lots of faults and I know it. Like leaving town on the spur of the moment and not

(*Continued on page 54*)



Dick Clark asks for your help—fight cancer with a checkup and a check.

take the fun-road in your...

sea nymph

GLAMOUR SWIMSUITS

Just wave . . . and all the Sea is yours in this white lastex suit shaped to enhance your golden glow of summer . . . Garlanded with a floral spray of flame, blue or gold . . . Misses and Junior sizes. About $13.

There's not a whit of a doubt . . . you're truly royal in this princess silhouette . . . hand screened on lastex as shown in blue and flame also in green and poppy . . . Misses and Junior sizes. About $13.

Bra: Preshaped contour uplift made of pelon for the look of natural loveliness.

At better stores or write: **Jordan Mfg. Corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18.** In Canada: Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal.

(Continued from page 52)

getting back for six to nine months. So I try to let a girl understand this before we get serious. I think it's better for two people to really understand each other. That way no one gets hurt. I've learned a great deal from my sister. I know how easy it is for a girl to get hurt and this is why I never, as long as I live, want to be responsible for giving a girl a raw deal.

Independent and older

Maybe that's why I prefer girls who can take care of themselves a little. The independent type who doesn't let anyone push them around. I went out with one girl—in fact, I still do—who was so involved with telling me how much she *didn't* care about who I was that we talked about almost nothing else. She was an airline-ticket-taker when I met her, and naturally, the first thing she did, was pretend she didn't know me from Adam. But this kid *did* know—I could see her staring at me from halfway across the room. But while she was figuring out my plane schedule she made a big deal out of what was my name and how did I spell it and so on. She didn't fool me one bit, but I went along with the gag. So I told her, and I also told her I usually had coffee in such-and-such a place around such-and-such a time, maybe I'd see her around—?

Well, half an hour later, there she was. So we started going out. We had a lot of fun, but I had to go on a trip to New York, and she dated a fellow, got serious and got married. Unfortunately, for some reason the marriage didn't work out and she got a divorce. I see her once in a while, and the funny thing is she's changed a lot, this girl. She's matured, she's gentler, I think she understands herself more—fact is, she's an altogether lovely person. I guess the thing is—she's become a woman. Maybe it was trouble that did it for her, I don't know. But I do know that seeing that happen—a girl just blossoming out and finding herself—is about the most wonderful thing I've ever seen.

And, brother, it can happen in the *craziest* way. Which brings me to the wild case of one of the most important women in my life. She's a few years older than I am, about twenty-four, she's a beauty, she's a doll—and I never even had a date with her. My big brother Victor got there first.

I first heard about her on the long-distance phone from Hollywood.

When I'm out there, I phone home a lot. First I usually talk to Mom, then I'll talk to Pop and to Mike if he's not on the Coast with me. Finally I'll ask for Vic.

Only all of a sudden, Vic was never around when I phoned. Where was he?

At Ann's.

Who's Ann?

"Oh," my Mom would say, "a lovely girl. Comes from a big Italian family in a little Bronx house—just like us. A lovely girl."

She digs my brother

Then one night her voice gets low and excited. "Sal—I think Vic's going steady with her!"

Wonderful! I call home a few nights later and Mom's voice is even shakier. "Sal—now he's going *steadily* steady!"

So now a wedding is in the picture, and naturally I'm dying to meet this girl. So I come home specially—also because this was all during the slow period in my career when I decided I was through playing juvenile delinquents, no matter how long I went without work to convince people of it. So for a while I wasn't doing much except turning down Gang-War-Meets-Rumble kind of pictures and wishing someone would offer me something else.

Well, I came home, and of course the first thing I wanted to do was meet Ann. Vic was just as eager as I was, but with reservations. "She's never met a movie star, Sal," he told me. "You know—she's a little shy."

Of me? This was ridiculous. I'm not the movie star type, there's nothing about me that should scare her! "It's just the *idea* of it that gets her," I told Vic. "Once we get to know each other she'll forget all about it."

So comes the big day. Vic goes to get Ann, who, he tells me, is frankly scared stiff. I hang around the house waiting, in my usual at-home-in-the-Bronx outfit—a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. While I'm waiting, the phone rings. I answer it. It's some guy from the Coast calling me with a great part for me—I'm a teen gang leader on the East Side, see, and this young cop comes along—well, you know that bit, and so do I, and I wasn't having any. My end of the conversation goes something like this:

"No.

"No, thanks.

"Sure, I'd like to make—and here I mentioned a figure in the thousands—but I'm not interested. . . .

"Sorry, not for *that* much either. . . .

Further and further apart

"Nope, a percentage doesn't do it, either. Look, I'm an actor, not an animated switch-blade and I don't care how much you offer me, I'm not playing any more j-d's."

Learn Some Answers About Your Favorite Stars

*

What famous star's real name is John Lincoln Freund?

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*

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Address .....

City..... Zone....State...

I slam down the phone and turn around—and naturally, there stands Ann. And every time that kid walked into the house after that I was turning down scripts by the dozen which meant lots of money, or on the phone with some big wheel, or all dressed up for an appointment or a test—just one thing after another. And instead of getting closer to each other, like we both wanted, we're getting further and further apart.

Well, one night I had tickets for a première—a Deborah Kerr picture. It was a big-to-do—formal and all. So I invited Mike and his date and Vic and Ann and we hired a Cadillac with a chauffeur—the whole bit. An hour before the show we drove over to pick up Ann. And I tell you, that girl was a dream. Beautiful! She had on a long gown, her hair was done—my mother had been over at her house that afternoon helping her fix up. Her whole family was crowded around the windows to see their girl drive off and Ann was just about collapsing with excitement—her first ride in a Cadillac, first première—everything. I couldn't help wondering a little, you know—like how was she going to take it if they interviewed her and all.

Well, we got to the theater and sure enough, there was the announcer with his little mike, shoving it at Ann.

"Is this your first première?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"And what do you think of Sal?"

"Oh," she said, "I think he's—just grand."

Then we got away inside.

By the time the picture was over, a real big crowd had gathered and as soon as we set foot outside, I got mobbed. Which is fine by me, of course, but a shy little girl is likely to get hurt. So Mike and Vic started clearing a path to the car for the girls. They had just gotten Ann in and were starting back for Mike's date when I heard a shout.

"Look! There's Deborah Kerr!"

And the next instant the whole mob was making for the curb—and Ann!

Yup, Ann. There she sat all alone in that huge car with her hair (did I mention she's a blonde?) piled on top of her head and her gown filling up the whole back seat—and it wasn't any wonder you could take her for a star. Well, I nearly flipped. I saw that mob heading her way and all I could think of was that poor frightened kid going all to pieces when they shoved their autograph books in her face. I put my head down and started for the car, Mineo to the rescue! Beat my way through the crush—and then I stopped dead, with my mouth hanging open.

I ask you, what is it that does that to a gal? Is it being all dressed up and knowing she really looks beautiful? Is it a sense of adventure, or just kicks or—or what? I guess I'll never know.

All I know is that my shy little sister-in-law, that sweet kid who couldn't look at me without shaking all over, was sitting in the back of the car with this calm, dignified smile—and she was signing autograph books, one after another: *Sincerely yours, Deborah Kerr.*

Well, that's the story of some of the chicks I have chucked. As you see, there're more I *haven't* chucked. I'll tell you. That's because I really think girls are marvelous. They may seem crazy sometimes, but they surprise you.

They surprise you about themselves, they surprise you about yourself, they know things about you just by instinct that took you years to learn—or that you never knew. They teach you things about yourself—and then they like you anyway. Well, some of them. And as far as I'm concerned, it's mutual! **END**

Sal is now appearing in Walt Disney's TONKA.



are you an ingenue*?

ingenue
is a popular girl

ingenue
is an ambitious girl

ingenue
is a talented girl

ingenue
is a pretty girl

but **ingenue**
is a girl with problems too

read "The Facts About Teen-Age Marriage"...and about the girls who married too soon.

read about Martha, who looked for a man like her father and found one—a weakling who leaves every decision to her.

read about Linda, who at 17 married a man who was desperate for a home of his own . . . but they are still living with her family.

read about Helen, who is having her third baby at 19 and will make a go of her marriage.

read about Carol, who at 17 married a boy on parole, wants to leave him, but has four children to think of.

ALSO see "Dress to be Pretty"..."40 Ways to Get a Date"..."Is Your School too Easy?"

*The dictionary says: **Ingenue** (AN-jen-oo), n. An ingenuous or naïve girl...*Ingenuous*—of a superior character, noble, generous, honorable, artless, high-minded, possessed of candor.

THE FIRST EXCITING ISSUE OF INGENUE—ON SALE APRIL 16!

new movies

Continued from page 16

is Debbie Reynolds. Everyone's crazy about the Douglas family except their dyspeptic next-door neighbor who 'informs' on them to the income tax bureau. Serious-minded Tony Randall is sent down to check Douglas's 'books.' Naturally, Douglas doesn't keep any books. He never even heard of the income tax. He's heard of love, though, and he thinks Tony would make a wonderful son-in-law. Debbie, who likes to flirt in the hayloft, can't seem to drag him up there, but a few stiff drinks (prepared by her cooperative father) do the trick. A lens pops out of Tony's eyeglasses and he becomes a kind of nature boy —hampered somewhat by the long hours he's spent at a desk. Tony's boss, Fred Clark, keeps calling him on the phone, but all he gets back is the sound of joy and abandon. So Fred drives down to take over the reins. He does such a good job that the government winds up owing fourteen million dollars to Douglas. Wacky's the word for this colorful mob.—TECHNICOLOR, MGM.

RIO BRAVO

Ricky Nelson
John Wayne
Dean Martin
Walter Brennan
Angie Dickinson

Ricky brings his guitar!

■ Once he was sheriff's deputy but now Dean Martin's a pathetic alcoholic—and all because of a woman. One night Sheriff John Wayne tries to stop him from begging for a drink, and, in the small brawl that follows, a man is murdered in cold blood. Wayne tosses the murderer into jail which, in that tough town, is not appreciated. The murderer's rich brother (John Russell) is in the habit of buying men —and assassins, so Wayne's life is definitely in danger. Shamed into trying to cure himself Dean tries out for deputy again. While old Walter Brennan guards the prisoner, he and Wayne patrol the town. Rancher Ward Bond and some of his men (including Ricky Nelson) ride in. Just for sympathizing with Wayne, Ward gets shot in the back, and Ricky, who until this time had planned to 'mind his own business,' gets angry enough to help Wayne. (Lucky for Wayne, since Ricky is not only goodlooking and smart, he's also the fastest 'gun' in the west). The struggles of Dean's trying to cure himself, and of Wayne's trying to resist his attraction toward a girl named Angie Dickinson, add lots of interest to a very action-packed, nicely he-man Western. There's some singing, too!—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON

Julie London
John Drew Barrymore
Anna Kashfi
Nat "King" Cole
Dean Jones

a drama of inter-marriage

■ John Drew Barrymore is the wealthy son of snobbish Agnes Moorehead of the 'California Nelsons.' He is also reeling from the effects of two years in a Korean prison camp. His brother (Dean Jones) takes him fishing south of the border and there Julie London hooks him. Julie is a refined, well-educated girl but she has a drop of African blood in her veins and that, 'My Dear,' won't do for the Nelsons. John loves her, her cousins (mulatto Anna Kashfi and husband Nat 'King' Cole) love her—but her neighbors don't; they throw stones through her window. John is hauled off to a police station for throwing himself at the neighbors and Mama comes down to throw herself at John. The poor kid thinks he's back in Korea again. Before you know it he's confessing that Julie 'deceived' him by holding back her color line. While he's sick in the mansion, Mom's trying to get his marriage annulled. Julie and her lawyer, James Edwards, fight back—in court. It's the kind of problem that deserves better treatment.—MGM.

IMITATION OF LIFE

Lana Turner
John Gavin
Sandra Dee
Susan Kohner
Juanita Moore

lavish soap opera

■ Guaranteed to make you cry (and to gasp at Lana's gorgeous wardrobe), *Imitation Of Life* is based on a once best-selling novel by Fannie Hurst. The characters are brought up to date. Lana's a widow, determined to be a great actress. One summer day at Coney Island she and her little daughter meet a warm and intelligent Negro woman (Juanita Moore) and her child. Juanita is desperate for shelter—and Lana provides it, for life. The man in Lana's own life is photographer John Gavin, but he can't compete with the ambition that takes her into the world of agent Robert Alda, playwright Dan O'Herlihy and, soon, into the world of fame. Meanwhile, her daughter has grown up into a cute, bright teen-ager (Sandra Dee) and Juanita's daughter, now a beautiful (and, as always—nearly white) girl is tortured by her Negro blood and tries desperately to pass. She runs away from home, works in cheap nightclubs, disowns her mother—finally breaking her heart. Lana, self-centered but generous, has broken her own daughter's heart, in another way. This movie spans many years, many moods against lavish settings and just as lavish problems. Go see it for yourself.—EASTMAN COLOR, U-I.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

TONKA (Buena Vista): Sal Mineo, an Indian Brave, captures a magnificent stallion and names him Tonka—the Great One. But Sal's cousin, H. M. Wyant, treats Tonka so cruelly that Sal secretly frees him to go back to his wild herd. Tonka's next owner is a cavalry officer in Custer's Army. Custer wants to murder off all the Indians and one day Sal is captured by his men. He very nearly misses becoming a dead Indian, but is saved by Tonka's owner. Sal is supposed to return to his own people and ask them to surrender. He returns—but they don't give up without a battle. And as for Custer . . . well, this really was his last stand.

THE HANGING TREE (Warners): Doctor Gary Cooper is off women for life—that is until he meets Maria Schell who needs him to help cure the blindness she got when she was left to roast in the sun after her stagecoach had been robbed. When she gets cured, he gets scared and retreats. Determined to stand on her own feet, she goes into business on a mine with Karl Malden and Ben Piazza. They strike it rich, and Malden—drunk not only with success—attacks Maria. Gary saves Maria and kills Malden in doing so. But the simple-minded miners can't understand why Gary killed Malden and they want to hang him at the hanging tree. Do they succeed? Let the movie answer that one.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL (U-I): A real hep hood, name of James Cagney, who is union head of the waterfront comes up for trial and chooses young Roger Smith for a mouthpiece. Roger's wife Shirley Jones doesn't dig the arrangements—or Cagney. But Cagney does dig Shirley and in order to get her, hires Cara Williams to break up this blissfully wedded pair. What a commotion! There are break-ups, breakdowns, and bust-ups in this really beat movie.

GIDGET (Columbia): Sandra Dee's a cute 'Gidget' who doesn't like feminine frills 'cause she's a tomboy who spends her time following around a group of surf-boarding young men, led by Cliff Robertson. It's all because a certain boy from the group saved her life just as she was about to drown. That's James Darren. And Sandra won't leave the group alone—that is, not until she can get a good grip on James Darren. (Who came blame her???)

Gary Crosby

(Continued from page 47)

all right. But I hate this phony jazz," he went on. "Nailing me as a perennial playboy—as a brawling mad drunken Irishman. . . .

"I date maybe once a week—if I'm lucky," he said. "I like to go out to the clubs, to some spot where they've got a good group goin'—or where they've got a good singer or comic. I go sit in a corner and watch. I'm a great watcher—I have to be. Because of the name, I started at the top, and it's pretty tough to start at the top when you've missed all the valuable years of experience coming up. The only other way you can get that is by watching.

"But I don't go out too much. As a matter of fact, it seems I can't even go out in public any more at all." He glanced in the direction of the paper on the coffee table, to the glaring black indictment against him. "I don't go out of my way to make trouble. I don't *ever* go lookin' for trouble."

There would be no need. Trouble, in some form, has usually been there waiting for him—ever since Gary cut his tonsils in show business in the shadow of his father, Bing . . . the shadow of a beloved man who's pretty much of a legend in his own time. And it was usually the same story. Whether voiced by a swaggering school boy in a drive-in, a drunken soldier in an enlisted man's club in Germany—or a Hollywood heckler. Gary pointed once again to the newspaper on the coffee table.

"I'll tell you *exactly* what happened. There were maybe eight or ten people around—the party was really over. I was sitting in a corner with Ruth Berle, just the two of us talking. Across the room a blonde woman I'd never met started telling everybody good-bye. She waved to us and we waved back. She stopped in the door and came over to us and said good-bye again.

"Then she said, 'Oh by the way,' and she pulled up a chair and sat down and really started in. 'You're kind of a fat slob, aren't you?' she said. 'Why do you get drunk all the time?' You know—that kind of thing. I just laughed, which really got her mad, I guess. And she finally came up with the one line that kills me. She said, 'You're a disgrace to your dead mother—'"

"'Get away from me, lady, please,' I told her. 'Get your hat and get away—'

"That was when her husband walked up—that was all he heard. 'How dare you talk to my wife like that?' he said. He lunged at me and I picked him up and sat him on the floor and held him there. A minute later we were shaking hands. That's all that happened. Sometimes I think if being in show business means getting blasted in the press for every little thing, then maybe I'd better give it up and be just a normal joe nobody's going to write about. But I love show business. It's what I was brought up in. What I know. I dig the business and I dig the people. I like the way they feel, the way they talk, all of it. This is my life, and I'm not going to run away from it!"

For Gary Crosby, it's been a tough fight all the way. A fight not only with the press but with himself. The struggle between his intense love for show business and the burning desire to make his own name there—and wondering whether he will ever perform well enough, whether he'll *ever* sing the way he really wants to sing. He resembles Bing physically and

he has the same tone quality and rhythm, Bing's casual delivery and sharp timing with a line. But much of him is his mother. The sensitivity, the self-criticism, the agonizing doubt. As a family friend has said, "His mother never felt she did *anything* well—Gary's the same way."

"When I was nine years old I knew I wanted this business," Gary says now. And he'd been playing living room performances for two years then. When old friends would drop by the Crosby home, Bing would put Gary on. "Gary, sing *Apple for the Teacher,*" Bing would say. He got a big boot out of the way Gary imitated him performing that one.

The Crosbys were living in North Hollywood then. Bing and Dixie were determined their sons would have a normal life, but that wasn't too easy to arrange even then—with tourists forever driving up in front of the big white Colonial homestead and shooting pictures of the house, or of any young Crosby who might happen to be playing outside.

One day Gary talked to his mother about it. "What's different about our house?" he said. "Why do they stop and take pictures?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. "It's just an old two-story house."

Another day he came home from school with another question. "Are we rich?" he said.

His parents exchanged glances, and gave him a very firm answer. "You'll be working for a long, long time," they said.

"Then I'll work as a singer!" he said.

At Christmas Bing and the young Crosbys would go caroling around town, and Bing would kid about how he had to really jump in there fast if he ever beat Gary to the lead. Young Gary was enchanted with the warm merry musical world Bing and his pals like Phil Harris and Bob Hope worked in, and he knew he wanted to be part of it.

With his first record, *Sam's Song*—billed *Gary Crosby and Friend*—sixteen-year-old Gary served notice on the public that another Crosby was on the way. When the record sold well Gary was quick to say, "Oh, that's because of Dad." When he went on Bing's radio show and sang *Dear Hearts and Gentle People,* he got another smashing reception—including a wire from his mother that read, JUST HEARD YOUR SHOW. DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE VOICE. YOU SOUND LIKE AN OLD MAN—AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR UNCLE EVERETT.

Gary's closest confidantes during this exciting time were the firemen with Engine Company No. 1 in San Jose, California. Gary was on the football team at Bellarmine Prep, a member of a musical group called *The Happy Inmates,* a star-performer in the school variety shows—prominent in all school activities. But he was also a sensitive teenager who wanted desperately to be liked and acknowledged for *himself!* He didn't want to be just the rich son of a famous singer. "You're my best friends," he'd tell the firemen. In the evenings Gary would stay around the fire station across the street from school. He often ate there, and he'd help wash dishes or answer the phone. Gary felt comfortable around the firemen—they weren't impressed by his name nor did they resent him for it.

"When it happened," said Gary, "I'd just look the other way and try to talk about the weather or something . . . and feel like slinking down into my coffee cup."

After graduation, Gary went through the motions of going to school at Stanford University for three years, but he had only music and show business on his mind. Occasionally he'd guest on his dad's taped radio show, and he took a lot of friendly razzing in general from his Zeta Psi fraternity brothers. When he knew his show was coming up, Gary would never listen to it at the frat house. Saying nothing, he'd drive up in the hills above the campus, park the car, turn on the radio, and listen attentively. His frat brothers would kid him about not listening to his own show. "Where you been, Crosby? What's her name? Come on, give—"

Her name was show business, and finally he quit school to marry her—for better or worse. He headed for Hollywood. One more day—one more hour—away from the entertainment world seemed wasted time.

Nobody in show business would have given Gary's spot to their worst enemy then. He'd had almost no experience, and there was nowhere a Crosby could get experience without the spotlight. He sang on Tennessee Ernie's radio show for a while, then plunged into his own thirty-minute CBS show.

Bing worried about him more than Gary knew. He was disappointed when Gary quit college, but since he was so determined to have this career—he surrounded him with his own top production crew. "He's had no experience working in front of people, like I had or Sinatra or the others had," Bing would worry. "None of that training in vaudeville or nightclubs or burlesque or singing with a band. This is an abrupt jump for him." But Bing was very proud of the way Gary went in swinging—trying to make up for the missed years.

Both the blessings and the cross of the Crosby name were brought home to Gary that first year. He got breaks no newcomer could ever hope to have. But his was a less friendly press and public now that he'd turned pro, and there were the constant comparisons with Bing. There was some inevitable jealousy around Hollywood, too. He was disliked by others who mistook Gary's shyness for arrogance.

"Who do you think you are?"

Gary was very sensitive to any antagonism and he seemed to be finding it everywhere. He spent a lot of time in clubs and joints trying to absorb as much show business as he could. "When I go in some place, right away they don't like me," he said then. "I know it—I can feel it. Then later some wise-guy comes up and starts in on me—"

He was beginning to get a lot of the belittling routine that was to stay with him from there on. "Gary Crosby, huh? Who do you think you are? What makes you think you're such a big shot? Where do you think you'd be without the name?"

Gary didn't think he was anybody. But he was *trying* desperately to be somebody—to build his own identity. All he asked was the chance. A chance delayed further when the Army intervened. . . .

In Germany, one of the C.O.'s welcomed Gary overseas with, "Crosby—if you're looking for *publicity,* you're not going to get it here!"

Dick Janik, who as Acting Sergeant managed the show Gary was with overseas, and who's now with Decca Records in Hollywood, was an eye-witness to what happened over there.

Gary was starring in the Seventh Army Soldier Show, *Get Happy.* The troupe traveled in a bus to Service Clubs all over Germany, and for Gary Crosby, from Munich to the Bavarian Alps—it was the same old story. . . .

In Garmisch, Germany, the Army recreation area in the Alps, the troops went to the Partenkirchnerhof Hotel for dinner after the show. "A drunk came up to our table," Dick recalled. "He made remarks to Gary about the show, about his father, and about his late mother. The Canaries, the male colored singing group with the show were sitting with us, and he made cracks about the color of their skin. Suddenly he leaned across the table and took a swing. He hit a girl who was sitting next to Gary, and Gary started toward him—but the guy ran outside. Some of the other guys ran after him—and I broke it up. The next day the guy had the nerve to try to press charges against Gary.

Landstudt, Germany—different setting—same story. . . .

Gary had been in the big Army hospital there for tests. On Saturday night he got a pass. "And I didn't know anybody there, so I went to the EM Club," Gary recalled. A couple of G.I.'s came up to his table with a familiar look in their eyes. Uninvited, they pulled up chairs and joined him. Then the smaller of the two started in on him. "Think you're a wise guy—Crosby's son—"

"Now get away from me," Gary told him. "Let me alone."

But the needling went on, and finally the smaller one made a lunge for him. As Gary recalls, "I reached down to pick up the table to put it between us—and the big guy hit me across the ear with a beer bottle and I went down. I rose again, however, and retaliated. In my position the other guy always has to make the first move—then you counter it."

At a Service Club outside Nuremberg, Germany, Dick Janik said he'd finally had to stop the show because of the rudeness of the audience. "When Gary went out on the stage they started heckling, 'Aw get off the stage—You'll never be as good as your old man'—that kind of thing. We'd driven sixty miles to put on the show for them, and we had a bang-up show. They kept on heckling and throwing paper and popcorn on the stage—until finally I walked out in front of Gary and told the emcee to cut the whole show."

"But this was great experience," Gary was saying now, "and I'm glad I had it."

When Gary Crosby went on Pat Boone's television show after he came out of the Army, there was no doubt he was vastly improved. But if this is true, he says, you can credit his overseas audience.

"It's tough—but it's a great experience working seven nights a week playing to guys who come in not liking you. Where the emcee says, 'And *here* is Gary Crosby!'—and instead of getting a hand you get a boo and 'Get 'em out of here.' I'm glad I had it, because you loosen up so much—and you don't care as much—"

But Gary Crosby will always care—did care. Tension caught up with him over there too. So much nervous tension he blacked out. . . .

"The first time it happened, I was visiting a Sergeant and his wife," Gary recalled. "I was standing in the kitchen having a bowl of beans and rice—and I fell right on my head! When I came to I was staring over my feet at the Sarge and his wife—in a hospital in Munich. They gave me a lot of tests and said it came from extreme nervous tension. And they gave me medicine I still take now."

During a dress rehearsal guesting on Bob Crosby's TV show in New York, back before the cameras again, facing another kind of audience—and wanting to do a great job—Gary blacked out again.

"Here he is now, my nephew—Gary Crosby—" his Uncle Bob said. Gary took two steps out—and fell on his head.

"They took me upstairs," Gary recalled. "My Uncle Bob covered beautifuly. While I was passed out he got ten minutes of music worked up with the band to take the place of my spot. But I came out of it in time . . . and made the show—"

"You can't—" his Uncle Bob worried.

"I'll be on there—if I can stand—" his

wobbly nephew said. And he made it!

When the newspapers front-paged his Las Vegas hospitalization, they didn't carry the true story—they didn't know it. And Gary would never be one to volunteer it. "I hadn't been taking the medicine," Gary said now. "The hotel doctor didn't know what was wrong with me, and my brother Phil wasn't around to tell him. And so I wound up in a hospital in Henderson, Nevada—layin' there lookin' at my feet again."

"Speaking of Phil," Gary said suddenly. "Will you excuse me? I've got to call him about something." He dialed the family homestead and there was no answer. A puzzled Gary shook his head and dialed again. "There's just *gotta* be somebody home at Bing Crosby's house," he said. "That's like callin' the Ambassador Hotel." Then he added, "Good thing nobody else heard me say that—I'd probably read that I moved out of the house because it was getting too crowded up there.

"I can't even kid any more," Gary went on, seriously. "You say things meaning 'em as a joke—and they're twisted around and made to sound like it was said seriously. I've read where I don't like my Uncle Everett—that I don't like my grandmother—that I go around knocking good friends like Pat Boone

"This Pat—I really dig him," Gary said now. "I not only admire and respect him as an entertainer, but I respect him as a man too. And as opposite as our lives are, this guy's a great friend of mine. But from the beginning, a few members of the press have tried to make enemies out of Pat and me all over the place.

"This is how something gets twisted around," Gary went on. "Originally there was a dream sequence pencilled in for *Mardi Gras* where I pictured myself as a leading man and made love to Christine Carere. Later, production cut it out of the script. Just kiddin' I said, 'If Pat don't get kissed—*nobody* gets kissed.' The next day I read in the paper, 'Gary Crosby's griping about he can't neck with Christine Carere because Pat Boone is too religious.'" Gary says slowly, "Can you imagine that?

"I've been accused of being mad at my father for getting married again," he went on grimly. "Simply because I didn't send him a wire of congratulations. I didn't know he was married until three days after it happened. The only news you get overseas is *Stars and Stripes* and that's always at least a day and a half late. And we were all over Germany doing the show. And when you go out on the road in Germany, you can be places where they never even heard of Western Union."

They came back to Frankfurt, and one of the boys with the vocal group went up to Gary's room with the message that a guy from *Stars and Stripes* was looking for him. "He says he wants a statement."

"What about?" said Gary.

"Your dad just got married," he said.

"And that's how I knew. I didn't know anything about it until then. I was very happy about the whole thing. As long as it made my father happy—it was great. And certainly he's benefitted by it.

"I just want to put everybody straight on one thing," Gary went on quietly, "and that's this—I love my father. And something else—there's more roses than thorns that go with the name Crosby. The name opened the door for me. There's a lot of wonderful talent waiting to get their foot in that door. Once they get the foot in, they're made. But they just can't do it. And here I am on the threshold with the door open—because my name is Crosby."

But there's another part to that story. There's the challenge of staying there.

The challenge

"When you start at the top—the door is thrown open and everything is wide and roses. And that's beautiful. But you'd better have something on the ball to stay there," Gary was saying earnestly now. "Otherwise people aren't going to put up with you. If you haven't got it—you go right down the tubes again."

Gary, who never believes he does anything well, was surprised by his good reviews in *Mardi Gras*. But he got out of those with, "You can thank Hal Kanter for that—he wrote the script. That part was just written for me—that fast talkin' Sergeant-Bilko-type-cat—always talkin' and workin'—all the time shuckin' and jivin'—"

A modest guy.

Who knows where he would have been now without the Crosby name to open the door so quickly for him? But one thing sure to anybody who knows Gary—he would have been *trying*. He wouldn't have been waiting around for any pennies from heaven to fall.

Not Gary.

"I know my potentiality," he said. "I'm not a great singer. I don't match up with people like my father, like Como or Nat Cole—any of those boys. I'm a showman. I do a little comedy and a little singin' and a little shuckin' and jivin'. And I'll try to make just as big a man out of myself as I can do with that." **END**

Gary can next be seen in Twentieth Century-Fox's HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS.

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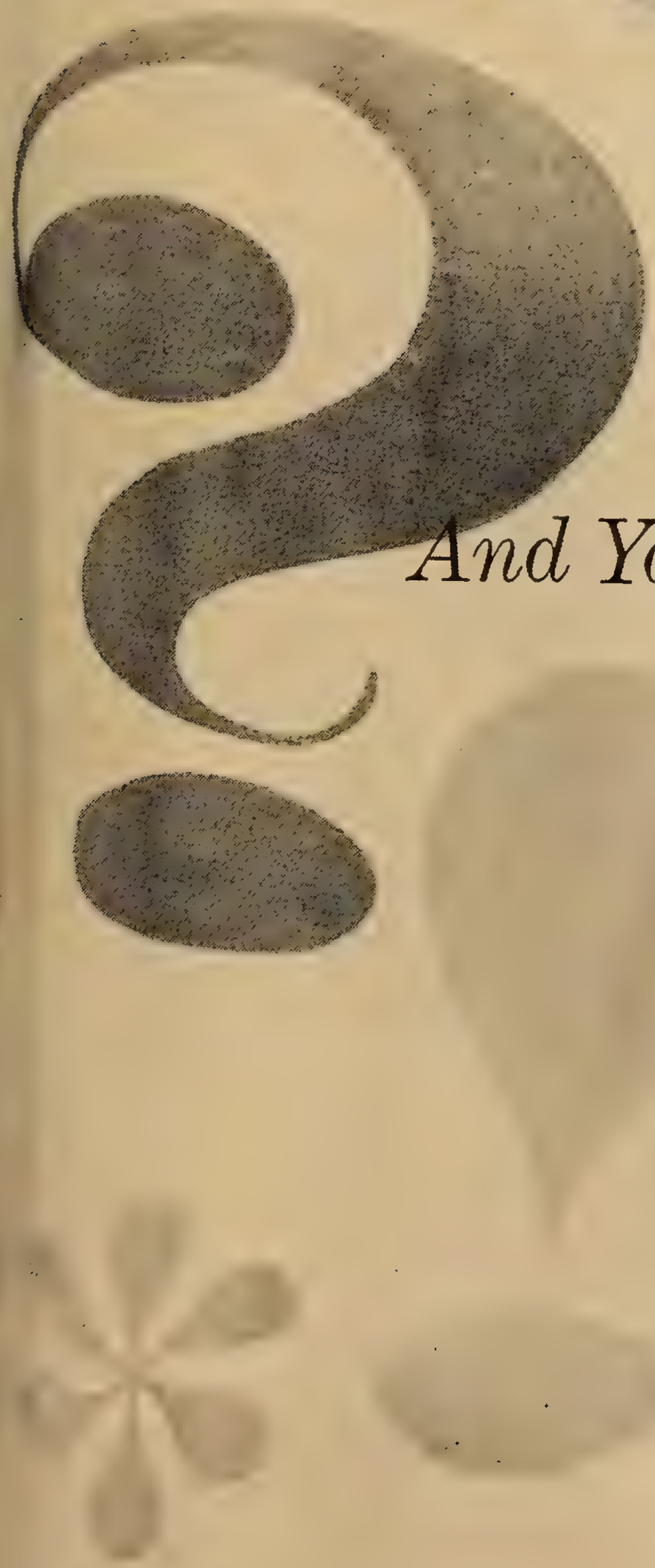


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if you are

UNDER 21

And You're Scared of Summer.....



Dear Editor:

I wish I could find a cave to hide in until summer is over. I love summer because I really dig swimming, but I dread it like a final exam in math. It's just that I don't ever dare go to the beach because my hips are too large to look like I want in a swimming suit. And to make it worse, I'm 5'7" and I look like a beast stomping in the sand. Little girls look so cute and petite but I look just awful! I so want to go to the beach this year. Is there any kind of suit I can wear to look halfway decent?

Zonda Texas

Under 21 is prepared with the cooperation and assistance of Hollywood's leading experts: Edith Head, costume designer for Paramount Studios; Helen Hunt, hair stylist for Columbia Pictures; Ben Bard, director of new talent training at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios; Gordon Bau, head of the makeup department at Warner Brothers Studios; Pat McNalley, director of the makeup department at Walt Disney Studios; Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International Studios; Pauline Kessinger, commissary director of Paramount Studios.

if you are UNDER
21
And You're Scared of Summer...

you need a disguise!



On this page, left to right: French bra cups build the fit of a cap-sleeved sheath of stretch nylon; printed in orange-yellow, jade-green, blue, black or red with white, this suit emphasizes the bustline; at about $20 by Jantzen. Draping slims the midriff of this suit of multi-colored paisley print, hand screened on olive toned Lastex at about $13 by Sea Nymph. A perky knife-pleated skirt highlights a printed cotton swimsuit with button tabbed bodice; in dominant blue, chocolate, poppy, or green prints, at about $8 by Sea Nymph. Vividly colored plaid handbag is shaped from imported Italian hemp, lined in faille, at about $13; tiny leather drawstring pouch with chain-attached cigarette lighter is around $4. Both handbags are designed by Rolfs.

Dear Fonda:

Hips or height? Waistline or bustline? Too thin or too fat?
Everyone has at *least* one figure problem. Dresses are great because they can *hide* faults. But swimsuits are more likely to advertise problems than to disguise them. Unless you are pretty tricky . . .
Believe it or not, Jo Morrow has the same problems, Fonda. She used to dread summers, when her perfect figure would look less than perfect . . . in a swimsuit. But she has learned that suits *can* camouflage figure faults. All right, her hips could be slimmer: you and I are the only ones that know it. You don't see hips in a pleated skirt suit. Feel too tall? That's ridic. A willowy look is great on the beach. But Jo felt the same, Fonda, too tall for a bathing beauty. The illusion suit she wears on the right does the trick: Wide horizontal stripes whittle her down to Lilliputian petite. Simple isn't it?



Left to right on this page: Contrasting midriff stripes mark a slim, knitted Lastex sheath; solid panels are of turquoise, yellow, or magenta, at about $11 by Sea Nymph. Loose middy overblouse is worn over matching cotton knit shorts, in black, navy, or red, with striped inserts; at about $20 by Cole of California. Japanese-styled fitted tunic covers separate knit briefs, in a textured loop-knit swimsuit combining pink-red, orange-gold, or blue-green; at about $25 by Jantzen. Little boy shorts highlight this elasticized Bengaline suit with white inserts accenting cocoa, turquoise, or black; at about $17 by Marina del Mar. Bottom: Wide vertical stripes accent a two-toned mio sheath of nylon helanca with laced bodice; in shaded tones of blue, pink, or green, about $18 by Cole of California.

Illusions can hide any figure problem, so what's *yours*? You can choose a suit to disguise any fault, *if* you know how to use camouflage . . .
Small bust? Shirred bodices and built in bras, best with pellon or foam contour lining, are styled to make you *look* better endowed . . .
Spare tire? Draped or tucked midriffs control and *disguise* extra you . . .
Thin? Middy blouses are high fashion and *hide* a million figure faults . . .
Irregular waist? Two piece suits with fitted tunic tops *adjust* to either long or short waisted figures with more versatility than hard-to-fit sheaths . . .
Heavy thighs? Little boy shorts or skirts *conceal* and disguise thickness . . :
Short? Vertical stripes give the *illusion* of length to your torso . . .
Chubby? A suit with built-in stays *controls* extra curves like a girdle . . .
Hips or height? Waistline or bustline? Too thin or too fat?
The right suit will *disguise your problems* and get you out on that beach this year!

Maxine

JO MORROW can be seen currently in "Juke Box Rhythm," a new release from Columbia.

Terry cloth towel on previous page is "No Trespassing" by Jantzen, about $4. Shoes are Kedettes in washable sailcloth or poplin, in varied colors and trims, $4 to $5. Flower-bedecked bathing caps of water velvet or aqua foam in high fashion colors and styling; from $2 to $6 by Howland of U.S. Rubber.

if you are UNDER 21

Just Shout for Help...

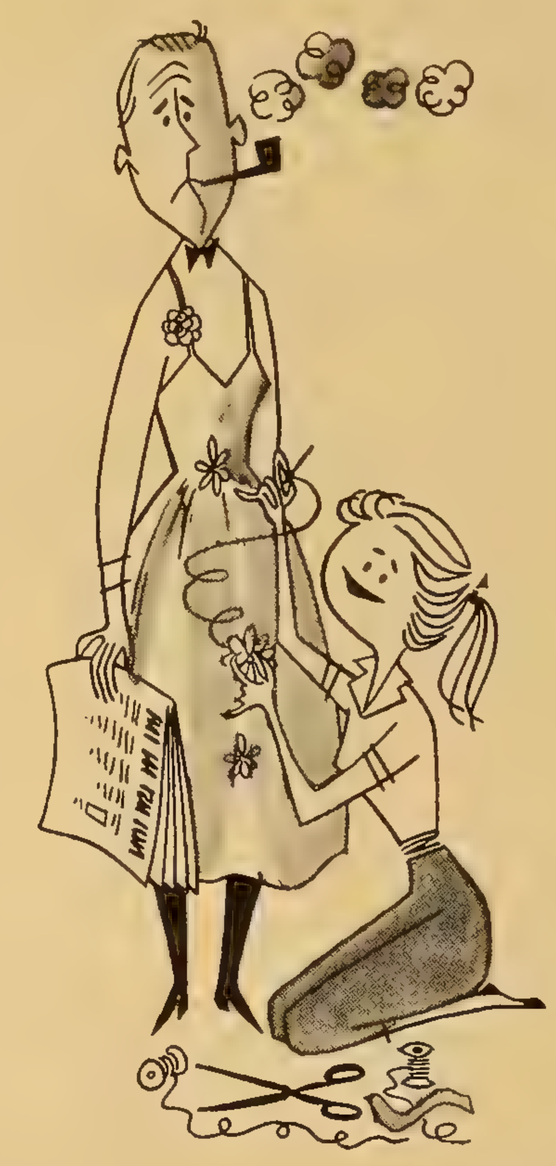
DEAR EDITOR:
Yes, I'm under 21, and I have a problem I would like to solve. I just don't know what to do with my hair! I would very much like to be attractive to people. My hair is blonde and I want to know if I used a blonde shampoo, would this ruin my hair for me? Also, if I put a permanent in my hair, would it do any harm? When I set it, it either comes out too kinky or else the set doesn't take at all. I hope you can help me on how I could wear my hair.

LYNDA—CALIFORNIA

DEAR LYNDA:
Relax, kid, your problems are about to disappear with Helen Hunt to the rescue. Miss Hunt, hairdo stylist of Columbia Pictures, suggests that you go ahead and bleach if you really dig a blonde look. "No, a bleach shampoo will not damage your hair and neither would a permanent," she declares. "But to make sure your hair is properly done, select a competent hairdresser and get a professional bleach job and permanent." As for the setting problems, just keep the Stars in your eyes. Miss Hunt says that "if your hair is fine, like Kim Novak's, use small sections of hair and make very smooth curls. But if your hair is heavy, like Doris Day's, make larger curls in thicker sections. Just make sure the curls are smooth and round!" Here's a tip from Hollywood for you, Lynda, so you can wash those worries right out of your hair . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I dig Rock Hudson the most. The neatest boy in school who looks almost like him has asked me to the dance and I have to buy a formal. But there are going to be three dances at my school this year and I just can't get my folks to buy me more than one dress. Should I just stay home from the others or is it okay to wear the same dress each time?

JOANN—ALABAMA



DEAR JOANN:
No. And no again. Don't stay home from the dances and *don't* keep showing up looking like a carbon copy of the last dance. Nobody can afford three new formals in one year, but you *can* afford to be pretty clever about it. Get a very basic gown that you can *completely* change with inexpensive accessories; nobody will know it's the same dress. But it must be a simple style and a very flexible color, white or a pastel tone. Edith Head, fashion designer for Paramount Pictures, suggests three great ways you can adapt it: "One time tie a slim black velvet ribbon around the waist and over the shoulder straps, and baste delicate pink roses in the bodice; next time, add a rich Empire bow and sash in a vivid color that contrasts with the dress; finally, try stitching pink net butterfly bows to the shoulder straps, like sleeves, and ice the skirt with a pink net apron or overskirt." This way you can have three luscious gowns for the price of some ribbon and net, JoAnn, plus a little ingenuity. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I am fifteen years old and it seems that every time I get a boyfriend, a story goes around school that I am *pregnant*. The boy doesn't believe it but we stop seeing each other until it stops. What can I do? I know I am fat but the reason for it is that there were seven kids in our family and we never used to get all the food we wanted. Now I get all the food I want, but I get so hungry that I eat a little too much and I put weight on. Mostly in the hips and the stomach. I don't know how to get rid of it so they say I am pregnant. They said it last year and now this year. How can I lose the fat?

MARGIE—MINNESOTA

DEAR MARGIE:
Sometimes it seems that teenagers can be more vicious and deadly than atomic bombs, Frankenstein's monster, and Jack the Ripper combined! And those kids at your school really take the cake. Wow! Margie, you *can't* put up with that kind of nonsense! You have to put a double stop to it by losing some weight and killing those rumors, probably easiest by having a talk with the principal. Sounds drastic, true, but it seems necessary! As to the weight problem, Pauline

Kessinger, director of the commissary at Paramount Pictures, explains that "you are very young and it's *much* easier to lose that weight now than later! If you are much overweight, have your doctor put you on a high protein, low fat diet." Miss Kessinger declares that Hollywood stars face that battle of the bulge. "I have seen many young actresses become much more lovely after trimming those pounds. They munch carrot or celery sticks to stay hunger pangs between meals . . . very low in calories. Exercise is good too, but the best one is pushing yourself away from that helping of potatoes, gravy, pie or cake."

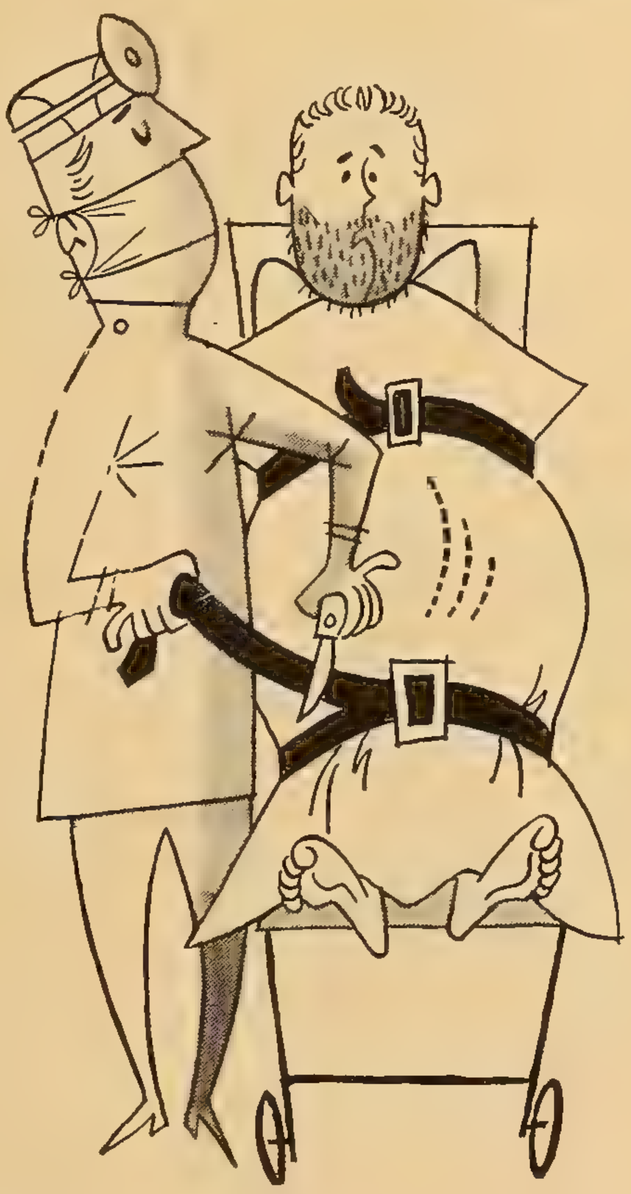
DEAR EDITOR:
I'm so unpopular that it isn't funny. But I've been told by millions of people, mostly boys, that I'm cute. It's probably because I don't *like* kids in my class because they are so childish. They're all my age and seem horribly young. Yet older kids won't have anything to do with me because I'm not in their classes. People my age make me nervous. I'd much rather be around older people. Another thing that makes me unpopular is my glasses. I have to wear them all the time and they really bug me. You said to write about any problem, so this is mine: what can I do to get more popular?

DOLORES—NEW YORK

DEAR DOLORES:
Sounds like you're putting your hand in the fire and wondering why it burns. This bit about not liking the kids your own age is just a form of snobbery gal. You're trying too hard to grow up too fast. That kind of behavior is resented by *everyone* so it really kills popularity! Take a tip from Ben Bard, director of new talent for Twentieth Century Fox Studios: "Our young stars like Tuesday Weld and Carol Lynley take advantage of the opportunities that youth has to offer. If they just associated with *older* people, they'd soon be thinking older and deny themselves the chance to be and act as teens. Believe me, Dolores, enjoy young people while you are young." Mr. Bard goes on to cite Shirley Temple and the great impression she made because "she grew older normally, instead of hurdling over her teens." As for worrying about glasses, that sounds like a lame excuse to yourself. Today glasses are so jazzy that they can really look great. Besides, as Mr. Bard says, "Quite a number of our teenage stars wear them. It makes them see better. Put them on; you'll see yourself in better focus and more clearly see the virtues of the kids *your own age.*"

DEAR EDITOR:
I've been shaving for almost four years but in the last two it's become a haunting menace. I shave and look worse than before I shaved. I shower, shave and dress up, raring to go to a dance, a party, whatever the occasion. Then the remarks begin: "Hey, man, whatsa matter, too lazy to shave?" "You'd be a nice looking guy if you'd shave once in a while." I try to cover it up by saying I was in a hurry and *pretend* I don't care. I've shaved heavy, light, used different lotions and powders, electric razors, straight razors, the works! I meet a girl—she smiles as her eyes meet mine—we begin talking. Gradually her eyes drift to my chin and you can just see the quick frown on her face. It's not my imagination or a complex because it happens constantly. It's ruining my life! In this modern day of plastic surgery, can that be my answer? If I could just get it over with, it would be like saving a life!

AL—OHIO



DEAR AL:
Hold on there Al! Don't throw yourself under the scalpel, man. Your wild beard can be tamed *without* such drastic action. Pat McNalley, head of the makeup department for Walt Disney Productions, says that you're not alone. "We run into this problem every day. I suggest that Al try the same method we use. After a very close shave, he might go over his beard area with one of the popular covering materials on the market, using the shade which matches his skin most closely. There are a number of them, handled by major cosmetic companies. It works for us, both on the screen *and off*. With a little patience, Al can get very good results!" This is a lot cheaper, easier, and less drastic than plastic surgery, Al. It's what the stars do to get that very close shaven look. Give it a whirl and it should make *you* a real smooth character too . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I am a girl who just *can't* gain weight. My height is 5'3" and my weight is 100. I eat a lot but I still look the same. My friends say I am very skinny and they kid me when they see me in a bathing suit and say I look like a toothpick. It's awful but I don't know what to do to be like them and look nice. My arms and legs are too bony to wear sleeveless blouses or shorts. What can I do about it? I'm helpless!

MILLY—NEW JERSEY

DEAR MILLY:
Buy yourself a new pair of very short shorts. And check the previous pages for swimsuit tips. You can look great in them by summer. All it takes, Milly, is the right diet and exercise. Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International, declares that "Dorothy Malone had almost your same problem and she whipped it," with Mr. Van's prescription: "First, do 10 squats a day, using a chair for balance, to develop your legs and thighs. For your arms, stand up straight, feet together, arms straight out from the sides at shoulder height. Now stiff armed, make little circles going clockwise 30 times without stopping; reverse, and do 30 counterclockwise. Do this once a day and watch for a big change in six weeks!" Of course, you must eat three good meals a day, with snacks in between. Mr. Van suggests that "a peanut butter sandwich with milk before bed is good." So go buy some bright new shorts! They'll look neat on you soon. . . .

Something still bothering *you?* Hollywood's top authorities will find the answers for you, if you write to:

Maxine, Under 21
Modern Screen
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Maria Alberghetti

(*Continued from page 41*)

picture, Mrs. Alberghetti, and we were shocked. Shocked that a mother, as loving as we know you to be, could have grown so far from her child. She looks like you, Mrs. Alberghetti; no, maybe not in this picture where all that you feel is unveiled for the camera to see, but we have seen pictures of you in other days. Days when your husband was there.

And we do not condemn you, Mrs. Alberghetti; we know you to be a good woman, a wife and mother who wanted only the happiness of her husband and her children. A woman left too young a widow, and trying, not really knowing how, to take the place of both mama and papa.

But think back, Mrs. Alberghetti, think back to the words of your own husband, speaking about the very man soon to be your son-in-law, the man you now scorn. . . .

. . . You had just come to Hollywood from Italy, the 'musical Alberghettis.' Singing was a family affair; Papa had taught Anna Maria to sing when she was a tiny child, to make singing her life. You yourself were often her accompanist. Your daughter was just sixteen then, preparing her night club act. Papa had called in a 'tall, dark, handsome, young musical genius' to help with her arrangements. And what was Anna Maria's reaction to this young man? Did she fall headlong in love with him? These are her own words:

"I was disappointed. I thought he was too young. I thought, *He's so handsome and sure of himself; he must be terribly spoiled and conceited.* I told my father and mother, 'No. I don't want that young man. I don't like him.' It was my parents who insisted that he was right . . . My mother liked him very much . . . My father said, 'He's so talented; he's so serious about his work. . . .'"

You have told the press, ". . . They warned us at home in Italy that this sort of thing would happen to our children if we took them to Hollywood . . . This would never happen if my late husband were here, I assure you!"

And yet, Mrs. Alberghetti, it was your late husband who said to Anna Maria when she kept protesting that she didn't want to have anything to do with this conceited Buddy Bregman, "You should get to know him better. Give yourself a chance. This is the kind of boy you should marry. He is in the same business as you. He will understand you. He's smart."

The kind of boy you should marry . . . How did this romance begin? This is what Anna Maria told us:

Your daughter's own story

"When I met him, Buddy was married to Gloria Haley, Jack Haley's daughter, and had a baby boy. He'd married when he was nineteen. I didn't think of him at all as a boy I might ever be interested in.

"I ignored him. I treated him terribly. He smoked a pipe, and this, to me, was affected. I hated him! I thought, *I guess he expects me to fall over over him, the way every other girl does, I guess. . . .*

"However, as soon as we began to work together, my respect for him grew immediately. He's an artist, magnificent. I don't think my night club act would have been the success it was without his guidance.

"But I still thought he was conceited—away from the piano.

"I went to Italy to make *10,000 Bedrooms* and thought myself in love with Count Alberto Mochi. He was a doctor in Rome—young, handsome, a blue-eyed blond Italian of my faith, wealthy, prominent and distinguished. When it appeared to my mother that it might be getting serious, she thought of a dozen reasons why I shouldn't consider marrying him. Actually, my mother has never been happy with any boy I've gone with seriously, even when he was a Catholic.

"I returned to Hollywood and realized the Count was not for me. He wanted me to give up my career and live in Rome.

"Some time later, I got a call from Buddy. He told me he was divorced. I knew that because he was dating Gia Scala, Anne Francis and other beautiful girls.

"I still thought of him as brash and conceited, so when he asked me for a date, I thought, *Hummm, he wants to add me to his list of conquests.* I told him I was busy. I was very chilly. He called me four days in a row. Finally I made a date with him.

"I had just bought a beautiful, modern home in the hills where I have been living with my mother, sister Carla and young brother Paulo. Buddy called for me there and was so charming. My mother thought he was wonderful. But I was so suspicious that when I saw how thoughtful he was to my mother, I thought he was doing that only to impress me.

"We had dinner at the Villa Capri and he asked if he could see me the following night. I said, 'Frankly . . . no.'

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

9—Globe; 12—Globe, Paris Match, and Wide World; 13—Wide World, Topix; 15—UPIP; 22—Topix; 24—Topix; 29—Gene Trindl, Topix; 31—David Preston of Topix; 32-34—Curt Gunther; 35-39—Bill Crispinel, Jr.; 42—Wide World; 48—Phil Stern of Topix.

"He seemed so surprised, and I got a kick out of that! I thought I was probably the only girl who'd ever turned him down.

"He said, 'Why?'

"I told him, 'I'll tell you frankly—I think you're a very spoiled person. You've had success at an early age and you probably think every girl considers it a gift from heaven if you take her out. Well, *I'm* not one of those girls. I don't think you're the answer to my dreams at all. . . .'

"And on and on I went. I let him have it. I kept this up for half an hour and when I got through I was surprised at the way he took it. Instead of being angry, he looked thoughtful and humble, and then turned to me and said, 'You know, you're absolutely right . . . Success did hit me young. I took it all for granted . . . I was unhappy as a kid . . . Since then I've been searching for happiness and maybe I do it the wrong way. Maybe that's why I got married at nineteen, without thinking . . . I haven't found happiness yet.'

"Well! When he was through, I had egg all over my face. I never expected him to be so sweet about the whole thing. . . .

"Then came the Academy Awards affair last March. At the last minute I quarreled with my date. I called Buddy.

"He was going with another girl, but said, 'I'll call you right back. I'm going to break my date.'

"Five minutes later, 'I'll pick you up in an hour!'

"My fingers were trembling when I dressed; I wanted to look my very best. I wore a gorgeous black velvet sheath gown Don Loper made for me. And I discovered to my surprise that my heart was pounding when I opened the door for Buddy.

"That night was one I'll always remember. We fell in love. It happened on the dance floor at the Beverly Hilton, at the party after the Academy Awards. I thought Buddy loved to dance. But he told me later he hates to dance—he danced every dance with me, just so we could be together . . . No one else existed when he held me in his arms and we danced.

"We dated every night from that time on. We were in love. Magically, unmistakably, joyously in love. I've never felt so happy in my life; never felt this way about any other man. Buddy told me he never felt this way with any other woman.

"Even when we were apart, we felt together. When I had to go out of town for a singing engagement, Buddy hated the separation—but so great is his understanding and respect for my career that he never suggested I break my date.

"Instead, he worked with me, way past midnight, helping me with my arrangements. When I was away, he called me long-distance every half hour. . . .

"It wasn't easy to be apart, for our love was growing all the time. I was to open at the Eden Roc in Miami Beach on the same date as his new show, so he couldn't join me. We were so unhappy that we both wanted to cancel our engagements. We knew how much we were in love; our careers meant so much to us, yet being together meant more.

"Buddy asked me to marry him. I should have been very happy, but I was not. In my heart I wanted to, but I was afraid. I knew I couldn't say yes right away. There were too many barriers. And I felt that we were heading for trouble.

"Buddy wanted to get married right away. My mother told me she was against it. This made me miserable. I'd always been close to my mother, respected her judgment. Like all Italian girls, I'd been brought up to respect my parents' opinions. I am independent by nature, but not so independent that I could overcome the way I'd been brought up. My mother objected to Buddy because he was a divorced man and because he was not of my faith. She saw only unhappiness ahead.

"There was a decided coolness between my mother and Buddy now. When he came to call for me at home there was no enthusiastic welcome. Meanwhile, Buddy kept asking me when we could get married. It was hard for me to say, 'Let's wait.' He would ask me, 'I'm sure of my love for you; aren't you sure of your love for me?' And I'd reply, 'I love you, and I know I love you, but I must wait. After all, you have lived; you have been married; you have dated many women; so you know what you want. But I have never been married. I have never dated much. I have never seen as much of the world as you have. I must be sure because I am not as experienced as you. You must give me time, darling.'

Anna Maria tested him

"He was very patient. Once, I was so confused and had so many mixed emotions that I thought I would try not to see him for a while. Maybe if I stopped seeing him we would find out if we were really in love.

"I was at NBC rehearsing for *Roberta*. He was busy with the Eddie Fisher show and couldn't be with me.

"So I had dinner with a friend. I was miserable. I thought of Buddy every moment.

"When I got home my sister Carla said, 'Where have you been? Buddy's called twenty-five times. He's out of his mind with worry about you!' My heart leaped. The phone rang. It was Buddy. 'Where have you been?' he asked. 'I've been trying to get you all night! I thought something

happened to you, my darling. Are you all right?'

"If I needed any proof we couldn't be apart, that was it. I knew Buddy would be part of my life; I couldn't live without him. Next day he came to my rehearsal and I felt so happy and secure having him there. We belonged to each other.

"But still I said, 'What is another few months? When we marry, it will be for a lifetime.'

"Soon he began to tease me. He told me, 'I had one bad marriage. I won't make another mistake. I know ours will be a good marriage. If there are any doubts in your mind, if there are any little question marks, tell me about them.'

"After that, when he phoned, he'd ask, 'Well, how are the question marks?'

"The question mark for me was still: *would I find happiness if I defied my mother and married Buddy . . .*

"Now many of the barriers were disappearing. Buddy told me he was perfectly willing to have a Catholic ceremony; he was willing to have our children brought up in my faith. He would not relinquish his own Jewish faith, but was willing to have our children reared as Catholics. He was sincere in this; his son by his previous marriage is being raised as a Catholic. And as for that marriage—he was only nineteen, a wild confused boy who didn't know his own mind. I feel he was entitled to a youthful mistake.

"It was very important to me to be married in the Catholic Church, in the Catholic ceremony. We waited, quietly, to get the wheels moving so we could get permission from the Church to be married Catholic. When that permission was granted, I told Buddy I would marry him. . . ."

And that is Anna Maria's own account of her love which began from nothing and grew, through sharing, through understanding, to a love which will not die.

Our message to you, Mrs. Alberghetti

Mrs. Alberghetti, please listen to these words: "I love Anna Maria as if she were my own daughter. The two of them have a wonderful relationship and I'm sure they are so well suited that they will be happy."

That is Buddy's mother talking. Mrs. Claire Bregman may well have thought, when she found her boy was going to marry out of his faith—and for a second time—*Marriage to a Catholic won't work for you. You made a mistake before, son; do not make it again.*

She said instead, ". . . they are so well suited that they will be happy." *So well suited* . . . Each of us has some special need which must be fulfilled if we are to find lasting happiness with a life-partner. The special need of Anna Maria and Buddy is one few people can really comprehend. Yet you yourself, Mrs. Alberghetti, are one of those few who can understand that music is a way of life.

Anna Maria and Buddy Bregman are like the creature in the old Greek legend who had been made with four arms, four legs, then was divided and spent its whole existence searching for the love of that one right person, its other half, trying to become whole again.

In each other, they have become whole. Anna Maria says, "We are of the same mold. Buddy is very understanding about my career. He knows it is a part of me and he loves me all the more for it. Even if a man and I had every surface thing in common, such as religious backgrounds, if he didn't understand my feeling toward my career, our marriage wouldn't stand a chance. I respect Buddy's work as much as he respects mine. We are not only a boy and girl in love; we are two professionals."

Anna Maria has found her completeness, her whole self in Buddy. In her last interview before the public announcement of the forthcoming marriage, she said, "Was it a difficult decision to make? Yes, because I love my mother and didn't want to hurt her. But I realized I loved Buddy more, loved him as a woman must love the man with whom she intends to spend the rest of her life."

Anna Maria is terribly hurt that you refuse to be with her when her union is solemnized, but she has defended you, Mrs. Alberghetti, and publicly. "Some of the things my mother said I'm sure she didn't mean . . . My mother is a wonderful woman and I love her very much . . . She thinks no man is good enough for her daughter . . . I'm sure she wants the same thing I want. She wants me to have a happy marriage." Then she added, softly, with all her conviction, "And I will."

Next to the bride, the mother of the bride is the most important woman at the marriage ceremony. The *Wedding March* does not begin until the mother—the last of the guests to come into the church—takes her place in the left front pew. On Sunday, April 12, everyone will be looking for Anna's mother. We pray that you will be there, Mrs. Alberghetti, on the day which should be the happiest of Anna Maria's life. And as the ancient vows are exchanged, that you will say in your heart, *I do give my eldest daughter in holy matrimony to the man she needs, wants, loves; I do give them my blessing . . . I do. . .*

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David Myers

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Beauty and the Beast

(Continued from page 50)

doorway of a stable only a mile away, that the two boys looked up from their game of cards and stared at one another.

"Did you hear that?" one of them asked. "How Fuego began to kick, just as the moon was covered by the big cloud?"

"That horse is nervous lately," the other boy said. "Maybe it is because he knows that he will become a movie star in only a few days, that the beautiful Audrey Hepburn will soon be riding him in front of all those cameras. . . . Maybe it is because soon he thinks that he will be asked for his autograph—and he cannot write."

The two boys roared with laughter.

But in the midst of their laughter, from the stall, they heard the kicking again—violent this time—four angry hooves slamming against the boards in heavy, stupendous fury.

"It is just a bad night for him," one of the boys said then, his laughter gone. "He is really a good horse."

"Yes," the other boy said.

Uneasily, they got back to their game. . . .

Audrey loved Fuego from the minute she saw him. And she felt enraptured now, sitting atop the handsome stallion, alone, way out in the middle of the windy, sun-filled field.

She was glad, she thought to herself, very glad she hadn't let the director talk her into using a stunt girl for this scene. True, she'd had her private doubts at first about doing her own riding. She wasn't a very good rider. She didn't even like horses, particularly. But one look at Fuego that morning—so proud-looking, so white, so beautiful—and what fears she might have had were gone.

Sitting atop him now, she waited for the signal. Half a mile away, on the other side of the field, she could see the cluster of men and women—the movie's production crew—getting ready. In a few minutes, she knew, Burt Lancaster, her co-star in the picture, would mount his horse and the director would fire a gun and the action would begin.

Waiting, she went over her instructions:

At the signal, your horse and Burt's race toward each other. As you approach Burt, you turn your head and look at him. You pass one another. After you pass, you turn your head forward again and keep riding until—

The gunshot sounded.

The marvelous gallop

"Here we go," she said, aloud. "It's just you and me now, Fuego."

She patted the horse's head, gently.

And then she gave a quick short tug at the reins, kicked Fuego's sides and they were off.

The gallop across the field was marvelous. Swiftly, surely, the stallion sped through the sun and the wind, and Audrey began to feel her heart beating fast inside her, excitedly, joyously, and she knew—for these few moments, at least—that she and this magnificent creature on which she rode were one.

She looked down at one point, at the blur of brown earth below, spotted with fleeting rocks and cacti, and she began to laugh, like a happy child.

When she looked up again she saw Burt, on his brown horse, approaching.

She knew that she was in camera range now and that in a few seconds they would pass.

She got ready.

But then, an instant before they passed—very suddenly—Fuego stopped and reared and threw her.

And Audrey could hear herself screaming, flying backwards through the air. . . .

She had no idea how long she'd been lying there when she came to. She knew only that her face felt heavy with sweat and that her back felt heavy with pain and that a lot of people were talking—some in Spanish, some in English.

She didn't open her eyes.

But she listened to the voices.

She realized after a while, from the talk, that she was still lying on the spot where she had fallen, that no one had dared to move her, that they were all waiting for the local doctor to be driven out from Durango.

She was afraid. "Mel!" she called out.

The talking around her stopped.

"Mel!" she called again.

"*Señora,*" she heard a voice answer her.

Shirley Booth is buying no new clothes at the moment. She explains: "I'm between movies, between shows—and that means I'm between weights!"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

She opened her eyes.

A man, dark and old and gentle-looking, leaned over her.

"I am the doctor," he said. "I have just arrived. If I may examine you—"

It seemed to Audrey that he had barely begun his examination when he stopped and looked into her eyes, sadly, worried, as if he too were afraid now.

"Will you give me your right hand?" he asked, after a moment.

"Yes," Audrey said.

She tried to move the hand.

But the nerves inside it seemed dead, and she couldn't.

Straining, she tried to move her other hand. But again, she couldn't.

"My body feels numb," she said, finally. "The only thing I can feel is my back . . . . the hurt. It hurts so much, doctor."

She took a deep, obviously painful breath.

She closed her eyes again.

"I cannot move," she said.

"I cannot move."

The doctor took a handkerchief from his pocket. As if there were nothing else he could do for her at this moment, he wiped some of the perspiration from her forehead.

"We will get you to bed, in your house," he said. "You will be more comfortable there, my child. You will see. . . . And then we will see what we must do for you. . . ."

The phone rang in Mel's office at the studio just as he was about to leave for lunch.

"Audrey?" he shouted, happily, when he heard her voice. "Darling, I was going to phone *you* tonight. . . . Are you working today, or off, or what?"

"Mel," he heard her say—and just by the way she said it that time, he could tell that something was wrong. "Mel, when you read the papers tomorrow . . . about the accident . . . please don't worry."

"Accident?" Mel asked. "What's wrong, Audrey? What's wrong?"

Audrey told him a little about what had happened that morning.

"But you're all right?" Mel asked.

He waited for an answer.

But instead, for those next few moments, he could hear only a voice moaning, then a few other voices talking in the background.

"Audrey!" he called into the receiver.

"Audrey darling—are you still there?"

"Darling. . . ."

It was her voice again, very weak now.

"Darling, please don't worry . . . And I know—when you read the newspapers, all exaggerated, the way they always tend to exaggerate something like this—you're going to want to come down here, to be with me . . . But don't . . . Please don't . . . Right now your work, the picture, *that's* the most important thing in your life—and you must stay—"

Mel heard her voice trail off into another long moan.

And then, a moment later, he heard another voice say, in a low whisper:

"Mr. Ferrer? This is Marcia, from publicity. I'm afraid your wife can't talk anymore right now."

"What's *wrong?*" Mel asked, the receiver beginning to tremble in his hand.

"It's her back," came the answer. "She was thrown on her back . . . She can barely move anything but her head. Ever since we got her back to town she's insisted on phoning you, so you wouldn't worry when you heard about the accident. And in order for her to talk, I had to hold the phone to her mouth. Because she can't even use her hands, Mr. Ferrer. . . ."

Dazed, Mel hung up a few moments later.

Then, frantically, he picked up the receiver again and phoned a friend, a doctor.

"Audrey's been in an accident, in Mexico," he said. "Can you drop everything and fly down with me this afternoon? It sounds bad. It sounds very bad."

The doctor said he'd meet Mel at the studio within the hour, ready to leave.

Then Mel phoned another friend, Jim Hill, a producer. He told him about Audrey and what had happened. "There are no commercial flights to Durango, Jim, and to rent a plane takes hours and I was wondering if I couldn't borrow yours—?"

Hill interrupted to say that his plane and pilot were always available to Mel at a moment's notice.

Finally, the two calls made, Mel slumped into a chair.

Helplessly, he began to cry.

"Oh God," he mumbled, "help her, help her . . . please God, please help her. . . ."

At Durango

Mel listened as his friend, the doctor, spoke.

"My examination shows that two of her vertebrae are broken, that we probably won't know for some six to twelve hours whether the paralysis caused by this breakage is temporary or not. . . .

"The Mexican doctor has done a good job. What little there is to do in cases such as this, he's done . . . Meanwhile, I've given Audrey something to make her sleep. It'll do her good."

He looked down at his watch.

"It's after midnight, Mel," he said. He smiled. "I don't think a little sleep would hurt *us* any right now, either."

Mel shook his head. It had been a rough trip, all right—the weather had been bad, the plane had been forced down by fog at one point, for a while it had looked as if they might never make it.

But now that it was over, and he was here, one room away from Audrey, he knew that no matter how exhausted he was he would not be able to sleep.

"*You* catch a nap," he said. "I'd rather wait up."

The doctor shrugged and went to the room that had been prepared for him.

And Mel turned and looked at the door that led to the room where Audrey lay.

"*Señor?*" he heard a voice whisper, a couple of moments later.

It was Pablo, the chauffeur. He had been waiting in the kitchen, for a moment



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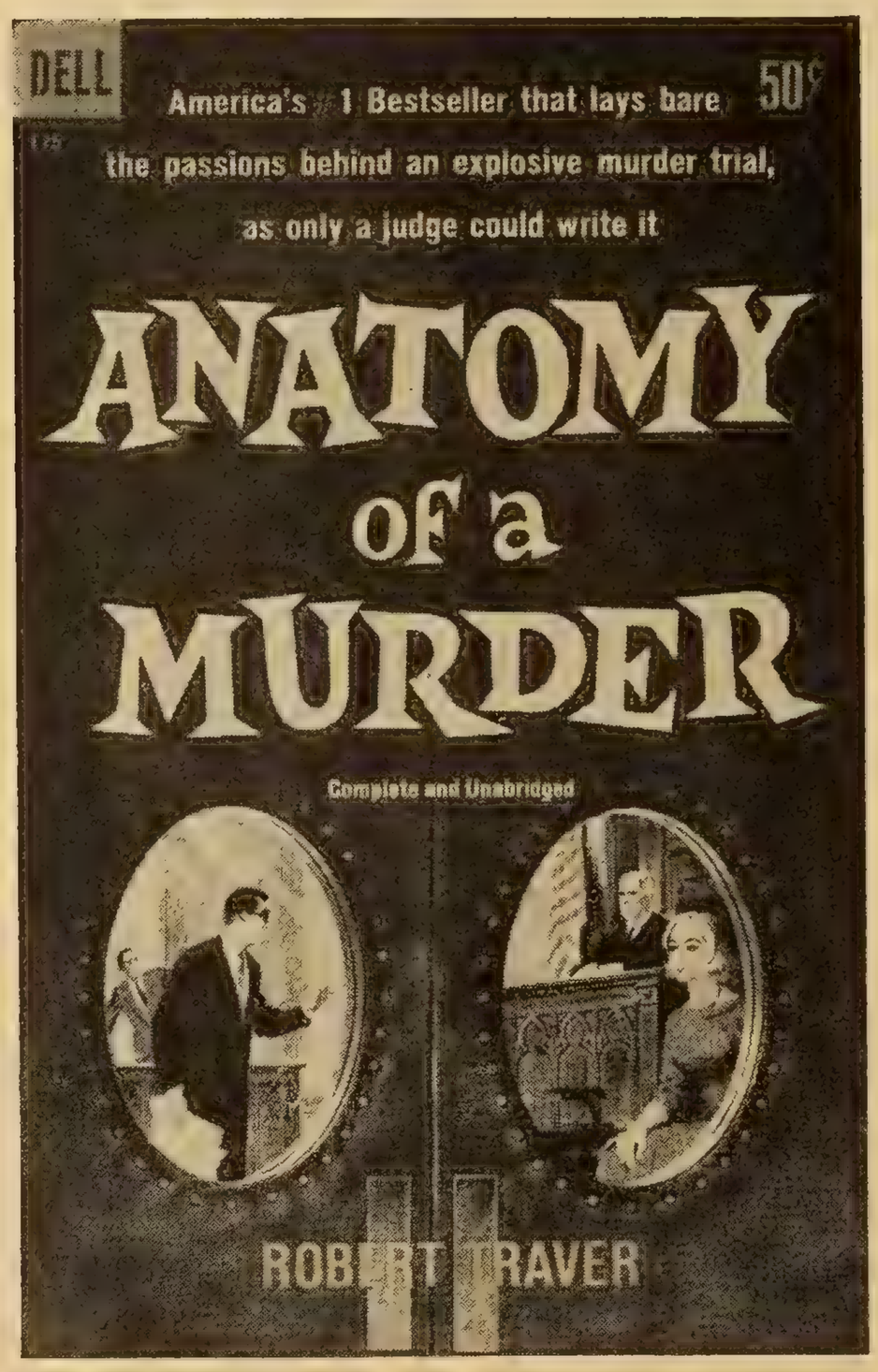
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alone with Mel. He glanced at Mel.

"*Señor,* before I go home for the night, maybe I can get you some coffee?"

"No . . . thank you," Mel said.

"At least *these* I hope you will take, then," Pablo said, handing Mel a tiny bunch of flowers. "I took them from the church just now. They are part of many offerings the townspeople have brought there today for your wife . . . You see, *señor,* the people of Durango love your wife very much. Not only because she is beautiful, and an artist. But because she is kind. We all heard today of what she said in the car as she was being driven back here this morning, sick, in such terrible pain. We heard how she said, 'I feel so sorry now for all the people here. They are so poor. And many of them were working in my movie, earning a few extra pesos. And now, with the picture stopped, it will be a long time before they can look forward to earning extra pesos again!' . . . Yes, *señor,* we heard how in her pain she thought of us. And in gratitude today, in the hope that the Lord will hear our little prayers and help her, hundreds of us have gone to the church. Many of the men have brought their best ears of corn from their farms and laid them at the foot of the Virgin Mary. Some of the children have brought the hard candy they always save for Sundays. And the women have brought flowers from the little gardens they tend . . . These flowers you hold are only a few of all those now in the church. I thought you might like to have them."

Too moved to say anything, Mel carried the bouquet into the room where Audrey lay asleep and placed them on a table. And then he sat on a chair, at his wife's bedside, for hour after hour after hour, until finally his shoulders hunched forward and he, too, fell asleep. . . .

The hand at his brow

"Mel?"

He heard the voice, in his sleep.

"Mel?"

At first, he thought that he was dreaming—about other mornings when he had been asleep and when Audrey, lying next to him, had awakened him by placing her cool hand on his head.

But then, for a third time, he heard the voice and his name. And he knew now that he was not dreaming, that he was awake, still sitting in that chair, next to her bed, his head resting on the bed.

And he knew, too, that it *was* her hand that lay resting on his head.

He couldn't believe what he thought was happening.

Slowly, he moved, reaching for the hand on his head and grasping it, and raising his head at the same time.

He looked at Audrey. She was smiling.

"You're here," she said. He nodded.

Then he looked down, at the hand he was holding.

"Yes . . . I'm going to be all right," she said. "Don't worry, Mel—not any more. Did you see? My hand? . . . I moved it, and I'm going to be all right."

"You are," Mel said, nodding again.

And, believing now, he kissed the hand he held—lovingly, gratefully. . . . **END**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following day, Mel flew Audrey back to California. She spent a few days in a Los Angeles hospital, and was then taken home. According to doctors, the temporary paralysis that set in after the accident is completely gone. And she is now completely recovered and back at work.*

Audrey is appearing in M.G.M.'s GREEN MANSIONS *and will soon appear in Warner Brothers'* THE NUN'S STORY *and United Artists'* THE UNFORGIVEN.

We Believe in Liz and Eddie's Marriage

(*Continued from page 21*)

He phoned a reporter to make that announcement. Earlier that day, Debbie Reynolds had gone to court to file officially for divorce. Eddie hadn't appeared. A few days before, with his lawyers and Debbie's, he had agreed to go full-way on a financial settlement—Debbie could have their $150,000 home, his $100,000 life insurance policy, $40,000 a year alimony. Debbie could have anything, Eddie had said, just as long as he got his divorce and was free to marry Liz Taylor.

Now, that settled, he announced the marriage.

But he didn't say when.

And so the rumors began to fly.

Two rumors led the rest.

One was that the couple would wait the full year required by California law for a divorce to become final and that they would marry in February, 1960.

The other was that Eddie and Liz would go to Mexico and marry there, pronto.

MODERN SCREEN decided to find the truth—*at any cost.*

We went where we shouldn't; we talked to people we had no business talking to; and we learned from these top-secret sources that *both rumors are false.*

First: Eddie and Liz are too much in love to wait a full year.

And second: Liz does not want to marry Eddie in Mexico, the same place where she married Mike Todd and where Eddie was their best man. . . .

These are the outward facts.

What follows is the inside story of two people who have been already married in spirit these past few months, a spirit fused by their undeniable love for one another, their love for their children, by the manner in which they have faced a basically hostile world together, in which they have helped one another fight the fears and hurts and—yes—the sadness in their hearts.

Our information comes straight from three people very close to Eddie and Liz.

Here is what they had to say. . . .

A FRIEND OF LIZ'

I hadn't seen Liz in nearly a year. I was asked to her house in Bel-Air early the other night to discuss the possibility of writing the script for her next picture. As soon as I walked into the hallway I sensed something different about Liz. Actually, she was upstairs feeding Liza, the baby, and hadn't come down yet. So it wasn't Liz, the person, who gave me this feeling. Rather, strangely, it was something about the hallway. . . . The last time I'd been there was one day a few months after Mike's death. Then, I remember, I'd walked into the hallway and noticed a big steamer trunk sitting against one of the walls. "Are you leaving town?" I'd asked Liz. "I don't know," she'd said, "—the trunk's packed; if I decide to go away tomorrow it's there, near the door, ready to be moved; I'm restless, I guess; the way I feel now I don't know if I ever want to stay settled anywhere again. . . ." This time, however, there was no trunk near the wall. Instead, I noticed, the hall was cluttered with toys—a teddy bear, a push-pedal car, some stray blocks, a tiny catcher's mitt. Liz, I could feel immediately, had lost her restlessness. This gorgeous collection of rooms she lived in, I felt, had become a home once again.

When Liz did come down a little while later she looked radiant—softly, beautifully, completely.

We said hello and then we went into the living room to sit and, over a cup of coffee, we began to discuss the script.

We'd been talking for about thirty minutes when a nurse walked in holding Liz' sons—Michael and Christopher—by the hand.

The woman told Liz that the boys were —ahem—behaving just a wee bit on the naughty side that night and didn't seem to want to go to bed.

"Liza is a *good* girl," the nurse added. "*She's* asleep already."

"But she's a baby," said Michael, age six.

"A baby," chimed in Christopher, all of four.

It was fun watching Liz those next few minutes, listening to her talk to the boys, trying her darndest to coax, cajole and convince them of the fact that they'd had a busy day and were indeed tired.

It worked—on Michael, at least.

He began to yawn, then he rubbed his eyes and finally he kissed his mom goodnight and walked out of the room.

But Christopher wasn't to be fooled.

"Not *me*," he said. "I'm not sleepy. I wanna stay up with you, Mommy. Yes? Okay? Yes?—"

His plea was interrupted by a ring of the doorbell and the entrance of Eddie Fisher.

(I'd never met Eddie before, but this was obviously no time for a formal introduction. So we simply nodded at one another. And then Eddie—looking from Christopher to Liz and back at Christopher again—got down to the business of the moment).

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

Liz explained.

Eddie stifled a smile. "Mmmmmm, I see," he said.

Christopher rushed up to him and threw his arms around his legs.

"I'm not sleepy," the boy said.

"Well," said Eddie, looking at his watch, then crouching, "it isn't exactly early, you know . . Maybe if I gave you an airplane ride upstairs—"

With that, he swooped the boy into his arms and up over his head.

"I'm not sleepy, though," the boy repeated, shrieking, looking down.

But Eddie was brrrRRRrrr-ing away like a four-engine job by this time and pretending not to hear.

And within a minute Christopher had stopped his complaining and was laughing gayly, and the two of them zoomed out of the room.

"You know what'll happen now?" Liz said to me, when they were gone. "Eddie'll sing Christopher to sleep. He'll be out like a light in ten minutes . . . Do you know *Ruzhenkes und Mandlin?*"

I told her I didn't.

"It's an old Jewish lullaby," Liz explained. "Eddie's grandmother used to sing it to him when he was a boy and wouldn't go to sleep . . . Now Eddie's been singing it to Christopher, on evenings when he's here and my son decides he'd like to wait up for the dawn."

She smiled.

Then she got up from the couch and walked across the room, to a piano.

"It's such a beautiful song," she said, beginning to pick out the melody with one finger.

She began to hum it as she played, and then she spoke the words:

Under the child's crib sits a little white goat
Together in dreams they will go shopping and buy sweet raisins and almonds
Ruzhenkes und Mandlin

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Ruzhenkes und mandlin. . . .

"Isn't that nice?" she asked me when she'd finished the song.

"Very nice," I said.

And to myself, I added, "Yes, how nice it is for *you,* Liz, to have found somebody to make you so happy again. . . ."

SOMEONE INSIDE EDDIE'S OFFICE

It makes me sore when I hear people say Eddie is neglecting *his* children ever since he's been going with Liz. I've been working with him in this office for four years and, believe me, he was a wonderful father before his split-up with Debbie Reynolds and is just as wonderful a father now.

Why, at about three o'clock every afternoon he picks up Carrie Frances at the house. Then he takes her to Uncle Bernie's Toy Store or to Wil Wright's for an ice cream cone. And then they come here to the office and for more than an hour Carrie Frances bangs on the piano and sings with her daddy and they play peek-a-boo or hide-and-seek and then Eddie sits her down for a while so she can catch her breath and he uses that time trying to teach her how to spell. And then, just before they leave, it's pumpernickel time. Would you believe it, but that little doll is crazy about bread—and pumpernickel's her favorite. So every lunch time Eddie brings a slice back from wherever he's eaten and presents it to his daughter, and the way she holds it and eats it—with her little pinky raised—you'd think it was one of the greatest delicacies that had ever been created.

Of course, Todd, Eddie's son, is still too young to come to the office and eat pumpernickel. But he must have a pretty hefty appetite, too. Because every time Eddie sees him and has a chance to take him up to his place for a few hours, he asks me to phone Willard, the houseboy, ahead and order about twenty jars of strained foods.

And you should hear Eddie when he's back in the office, after being with the children.

Right away, the first thing he does is pick up his phone and call Liz and start to brag.

That's when it gets real funny.

First you hear Eddie say something like, "Do you know what my daughter did today?"

And then you can just hear Liz kid him and say something like, "Well, that may sound great to you, but let me tell you what my sons were doing at that very same age."

Because then Eddie says, "Oh yeah?—Well, let me tell you what else she did, my good woman."

And they laugh and laugh.

And it makes me feel good to hear Eddie laugh like that again, after such a long time.

Except that when he's laughing, sometimes, I can't help feel sad—thinking that even while he and Liz are having so much fun talking about Carrie Frances and Todd and Liza and Michael and Christopher, they will probably never be able to have a child of their own after they're married.

I mean, after all, Liz has had three children by Caesarean and practically any good doctor will tell you that to have a fourth child by Caesarean section is dangerous, terribly dangerous.

And when I think that they both love children so much and that they'll never have a tiny baby of their own they can look at and hold together, that they can never say "This is *ours!*"—I don't know, but it makes me sad, like isn't it enough that there are so many other things against them . . .?

A MUTUAL FRIEND

How would I describe their love? I'd say it's perfect. For the simple reason that they both need one another.

Take Eddie and his needs. In the past, he's always been a very moody fellow. Recently his career hasn't been going too well, especially following all that unfavorable publicity. And normally this kind of turn would have put him way down in the dumps . . . But Liz has done, and is doing, everything in her power to avoid this.

She makes Eddie feel like a man. She flatters him, she builds him up, she fusses over him, she goes out for him—all the way. And where Eddie was at one time a pretty belligerent fellow, he is now very calm. Where he was at one time tense, he is now amazingly relaxed.

It's not always easy for Liz, either. She's a pretty sick girl, you know. Her spine has never really healed from all those operations she's been through and she's in terrible pain a good deal of the time.

But knowing that Eddie is very sensitive to anyone's being sick—the thought of anyone he loves being in pain upsets him and, oddly, makes him ill, too—*and* knowing that keeping him happy at this point in his life is a full-time job, Liz never lets on about how *she* feels.

Why is Rock Hudson

on next month's

MODERN SCREEN

cover?

You'll know

when you read about

ROCK *and* **DEBBIE**

in the June issue

—on sale 1st week in May

It's strange with Liz.

She's really such a courageous girl in many ways. Yet recently she'd become terribly afraid of one thing, of millions of people she doesn't even know, of the people who used to be her fans.

Oh yes. to the public she has often appeared as brazen and uncaring these past six months. Some pictures of her in newspapers and magazines have shown her beautiful face as hard, even arrogant.

But deep down, I know, she is afraid.

Eddie knows this, too.

He knew it the other night when he felt it was his turn to help *her,* the Sunday night he forced her to go to the movies.

He'd sat with her from time to time these past months as she read some of the unflattering mail she's received.

He'd sat with her as she read things like:

I used to think you were great Liz Taylor. But you're a home-wrecker and no good. Now I wonder why you don't just get lost and leave nice families alone. Recently, a petition

was passed around my high school. Exactly 128 girls—including me—signed. Our vow is never to see you in another movie again, or even mention your name.

He'd watched her read letters like this, hundreds of them, and he'd watched her after she'd read them, quiet, hurt, crying sometimes, afraid.

And the other night he decided, once and for all, to snap Liz out of her fear.

It happened as they sat looking through a newspaper together.

"This is what I'd love to see," Liz said, pointing to an advertisement on the entertainment page. *"Auntie Mame!"*

"Let's go tonight," Eddie said.

Liz looked at him surprised, as if to say: *Me go to a public movie and take a chance on being hurt just a little more? Huh-uh. Dinner at Chasen's or Romanoff's once in a while is all right—places where people see you and nod at you and look away and that's that. But a movie?*

Eddie pretended not to understand.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I'd just rather not," Liz said.

"Well, *I* want to go tonight," Eddie said. His voice was firm.

Liz said nothing for a moment.

Then, uneasily, she whispered, "All right . . . if you really want to."

When, a little while later, they neared the theater—Grauman's Chinese on bustling Hollywood Boulevard—Eddie made a point of passing it and parking in a lot about three blocks down the street.

"Why are you doing this?" Liz asked.

"I feel like walking a little," Eddie said.

Again his voice was firm.

Only a few people recognized them as they walked down the street, from the lot to the theater.

But those who did stared at them strangely.

"Oh, Eddie, why'd you do this, why?" Liz asked, as they continued walking.

"Everybody looking?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," Liz said.

"Let them look," Eddie said. "I'm a guy out walking with my girl—and if my girl's pretty enough to stop traffic, well, let it stop!" He smiled as he said this.

But there was something in his voice now that was not quite so firm and sure as before. Secretly, he thought that maybe he had done the wrong thing, that maybe Liz wasn't really ready for what he had planned. . . .

It was just before they got to the entrance when the woman came rushing up to them.

"Miss Taylor," she said, putting her hand on Liz' arm. "I was standing here looking at the old stars' footprints and autographs in the cement, and then I saw *you* . . . Miss Taylor, I always thought you were so terrific. And I want you to know, between us, that I still do."

Then the woman squinted and looked over at Eddie.

"Mr. Fisher," she called out, "*you* here, too . . . Oh," she went on, "this gives me a chance to wish you both good luck."

She didn't wait for an answer.

Instead, she simply wished them good luck again and rushed off.

"Funny old lady," Eddie said to Liz inside the theater a few moments later, as he handed the usher his ticket stubs.

"A wonderful old lady," she said.

They began to walk down the aisle.

"Eddie," Liz went on, as they walked, "I'm glad we came tonight, real glad."

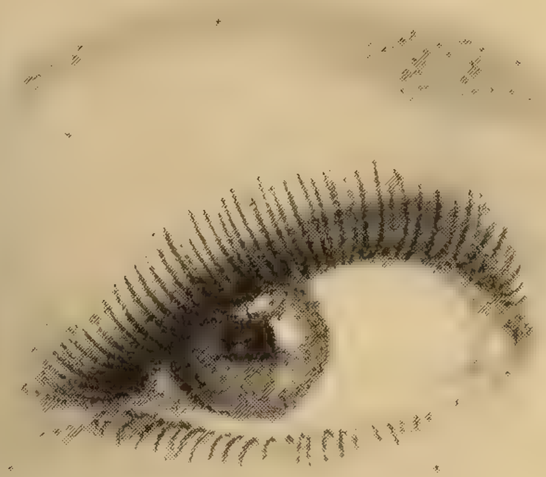
Eddie smiled now, his first real smile of the evening. His little plan had worked.

Liz was happy. He was happy.

And that's the way he wanted it to be for the rest of their lives, together. . . .

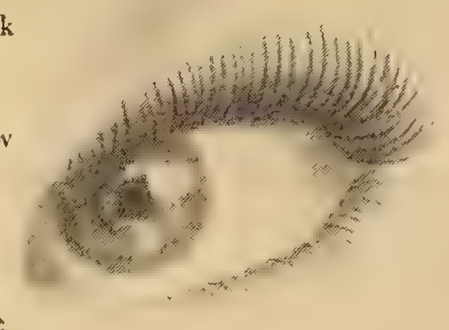
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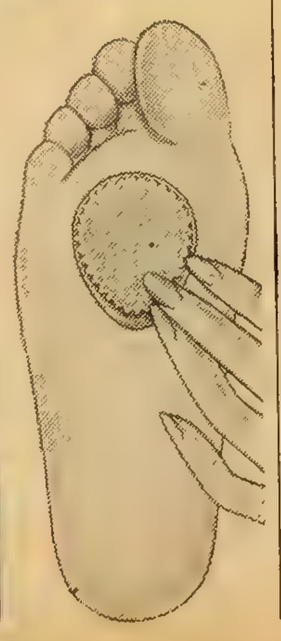


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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Bride Who Said No

(*Continued from page 25*)

Why did she give up a great part, in a great picture? There was only one hitch. The picture was to be made in Europe and when she married Bob, she made a secret, binding vow not usually included in the marriage rituals. *Never*, she promised herself and her husband, *will I allow anything to separate us for more than a few hours.*

To Natalie, the bride, no career, no monetary compensation, could substitute for the happiness she had in her marriage. Nor would she allow it to cast a shadow over the life she hoped to make for herself and R.J.

If R.J. had been free, Natalie would have accepted in a minute. But R.J. was about to begin work in *In Love and War.*

Natalie said no. Simply, quietly and firmly. *No.*

The next script submitted to her by the studio may have been in the way of a retaliation. The role was more suitable for a starlet, new to the studio, than to its brightest, most popular young actress.

Natalie read the script and suddenly that old, bad feeling returned. It's a feeling almost impossible to put into words but almost everyone who has ever been forced to do something that was not right, that violated a principle they strongly believed in, has experienced it. That awful churning in the pit of the stomach, a listlessness, a desire to remain in bed all the day, rather than facing the compromise.

Natalie remembers when she first had that bad feeling. It happened several years ago when she was submitted for a picture that she felt was terribly, terribly wrong for her. But she accepted the role, anyway. She accepted it because her dad was ill and needed an operation, and the money she was to earn would help the family through a difficult and crucial time. *I can't think about myself or anyone else now,* she told herself. *The main thing is that Dad get well—without the worries of medical and hospital bills that might put him into debt.*

She did the picture, hating every moment of it. But when she woke in the morning, reluctant to face the day ahead, she reminded herself: "This is for Dad This is important. This is a compromise that *has* to be made."

Such was *not* the case a year and a half ago.

First she discussed her problem with Bob. He was very understanding but he would not exert any influence over her.

"Nat, dear," he told her. "I promised never to try to interfere in your career. They're two separate entities, our career and our marriage. This is your decision and I have enough faith in you to know that whatever you decide will be right.

Natalie met with her advisors. For hours they remained closeted in deep discussion. Then later that afternoon when she walked out into the bright sunlight of Beverly Hills, the bad feeling was gone. . . .

She had agreed to take a suspension; to go on strike until such time as the things she wanted, both as an individual and as an actress, would be taken into consideration.

She knew there would be criticism. She knew that many people would interpret her actions merely as a demand for more money, or as being rebellious just for the sake of being rebellious. But she couldn't worry about what 'they' would think.

In her heart she knew what her reasons were. And she knew they were good ones.

There was, for one thing, the obligation to herself as an actress, which could be fulfilled only if she were allowed to select roles that would permit her innate creativity to flourish. But there was more too. There was an obligation to all her fans, who for the last four years had set her up as a shining example of what they would like to be. Nat didn't want to do anything that would let *them* down either.

She knew she was taking a gamble. It was possible, she figured, she could have everything settled in a month, at the longest six months.

As it turned out, fifteen months went by before her strike was ended.

Fifteen months is a long time in Hollywood. Kids who were unheard of then are teen-age favorites now. Others who were big names, are now all but forgotten.

Walter Slezak had to lose forty lbs. for a movie role. He sighed: "Every time I lost a few pounds it was like saying good-bye to old friends—but, like old friends, I'm sure they'll be coming back."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

The letters poured in from fans reassuring her, asking what they could do. Should they write to Mr. Warner, should they write to the newspapers? Those who understood the situation from reading about it congratulated her for her stand.

Whether Natalie would have been able to take her stand and stick to it if she hadn't been newly married, if Bob hadn't been there to provide her with emotional sustenance, is something even *she* is unable to answer. But Bob *was* there. And it is impossible for Natalie to think of her life—working or not—without Bob.

And throughout the first year of the marriage, her freedom from working gave her the opportunity to do the things that were so important to her as a wife.

Each morning at 6:00 she would awake with Bob and they'd breakfast together.

Then they would be off to his set, sharing his day and his work, piling up a hundred different memories.

The week ends, they would spend on his boat. The evenings, at home together or maybe with a couple of their closest friends.

There was the time for growing, for reading, for learning a great deal about life and the living of it.

And there was a time for planning and dreaming: Planning for the trip they hope to take by freighter to New York and Miami and Bermuda, planning for the new home they just bought in Beverly Hills—the first *real* home that they will own since their marriage. A home that belonged neither to Bob first or to Natalie first, but to the two of them together. . . .

A few days ago Natalie Wood returned to Warner Brothers. Professionally she had won her fight. And personally she knew that her marriage had grown in strength, as she herself had. With her head high, she drove through the massive gate leading to the Warner Brothers studio lot.

George, the gateman, greeted her with his widest grin.

"Good to see you back," he called.

"Good to be back," Nat answered gaily.

And to this we add, MODERN SCREEN is glad you're back too, Natalie. **END**

For Us There Is No Tomorrow

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Did you tell them?" she said finally, her soft voice hardly breaking the silence.

Elvis nodded. "I told them," he said. "I told them you were the only one. I told them I see you whenever I can. I told them that we understand each other, that we are friends.

"I told them," Elvis said slowly, "you're my girl."

"Thank you," she said gently. In the cold German afternoon, she waited quietly while the motor caught and roared, and the car moved smoothly away from the curb.

He had told them she was his girl.

Forever and ever, at least she would have that. . . .

They had met only months before. It was a strange meeting, an unlikely one—he the famous American singer, always a little different from the other GI's no matter how hard he tried to be like them; she an anonymous little girl from Munich, trying wistfully to make a living as an actress. An unlikely pair—but still, at a Munich party, someone introduced them and hurried off, and they found themselves alone for a moment, staring at each other. She could still remember it because of what she had thought then: *So this is Elvis Presley, the American singer, playing at being a soldier. The one who told everyone when he got here that he wanted to meet German girls because "I've heard a lot of rumors about them." Someone asked him what rumors and he grinned and said, "I'd better not answer that question." Cocky,* she had thought, *arrogant. Expecting us to fall at his feet. Well, not me, Mr. Presley, sir. . . .*

Richard Egan on marriage: "I was surprised to have certain freedoms I'd never known before. For instance, freedom from freedom."
Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

And then he had smiled at her.

"Do you speak English?" he asked, speaking very slowly. "I don't know much German."

He sounded almost—almost apologetic. But she kept her guard up. "Why don't you learn?" she asked, her English careful and accurate, and very cold.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I never was very good at languages. The grin widened, and deliberately he broadened his drawl. "Some folks back home say Ah don't even do so well with mah own."

And she found herself, suddenly, laughing. Partly because he was funny. And partly because of relief. He was nice after all, and she was glad. It was against her nature to dislike people, even strangers, to feel that little cold hardness around her heart, to hear herself being cool and sarcastic. Because actually she was a very gentle girl, Vera Tchechowa—gentle, even a little shy. So she laughed and sat down with him to talk a while, and later when someone across the room called to him, she held out her hand to say good-bye.

To her surprise, he didn't take it. Instead he looked at her oddly. "I'll only be a minute. Would you wait for me?"

"I can't," she told him politely, "I'm sorry, but it's time for me to get home."

He had glanced outside. "It's dark out," he said. "You can't go alone."

Her eyes had followed his, out to the dark street below. "I'll be all right."

"I know you will," he said. "Because I'm taking you."

He found her coat, he waited while she twisted a scarf around her head and neck. "But you can't go with me," she protested. "The party's for you."

He had shrugged into his overcoat. "The party'll keep . . ." He smiled down at her. "You sounded kind of snippy back there for a while," he said. "But I get the feeling—you need to be taken care of."

And as simply as that, they had gone.

What happened on that long, moonlit walk through the Munich streets that night? Neither of them knew. . . .

How love comes about

But the next morning when the telephone rang she knew it would be Elvis.

"Vera, my pass is up, I have to get back to Bad Nauheim. But—I'll have some time off next week end. Not much, just a little. I thought—if you could come to Frankfurt for the week end—I could see you there."

He paused. She said nothing, holding onto the phone, wondering.

"I know it's a lot to ask," he said. "I know well-brought-up German girls don't go away like that. But you could stay with friends of mine, a married couple. Or you could bring someone—your mother, anybody. I wouldn't want to hurt your reputation or anything. I'd come here if I could, if there were time. But there isn't. And—I want to see you—so much."

She felt her heart turn over. *The cocky American millionaire,* she thought. *This lonely boy . . .* "I will come," she said softly, into the phone.

Who knows how love comes about? On those week ends in Frankfurt—for there were more than one—they discovered each other slowly, and almost always with delighted surprise. She found him intelligent, eager to learn, wanting to know about her childhood, her feeling for her country. He found her honest, shy, frightened of the crowds that haunted his hotel for a glimpse of him. "Why?" he asked her when she insisted on meeting him only alone, away from the reporters and the autograph hunters. "You're an actress—publicity is good for actresses."

She raised her head proudly. "Not if they can act."

He had laughed. "A lot of people would disagree with you, honey. Publicity never did me any harm. . . ."

"That's different," she said eagerly. "Yours was publicity just for you, for what you are. But for me to be famous for *going out with you*—that is different." Her eyes were serious. "Someday I will be very good on the stage. And I do not want people saying I achieved success because for a while I dated a famous American."

He had never seen her so in earnest. "And after you get famous on your own," he said gently, "are you going to run away from the cameras then, too?"

She nodded, still serious. "I don't like that sort of thing. It makes me uncomfortable, nervous. A crowd in the theater—yes. A crowd in the street, chasing after you—I will always run from that."

Love and fear grew together

So they met, for her sake, in quiet, out-of-the-way places—in small restaurants; at the zoo where children gaped at animals, not celebrities; in the home of his sergeant where they played with the babies of the family, and served as sitters now and then.

And love grew.

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And with it, fear. Fear for the future. Fear for the unasked questions, the subjects they never discussed.

For with all the ways in which they were wonderfully alike, there were so many in which they were different. He loved the glamour of his life, the excitement—she remembered wistfully the quiet countryside where she had grown up, the tiny village where everyone knew everyone, where life went on, unchanging, from year to year. And there were the other, subtle, differences that came because he was American, she was German, had been born to a different culture, had known war and trouble in different ways, had received different educations, had different ideals.

One Sunday night, driving her to the Bahnhoff in time for the train to Munich, he said: "You know, I've got to tell them *something*, Vera."

Contented, curled in the corner of her seat, Vera had stretched a little. "Tell what to whom?"

"Well, it's the reporters, honey. You know—they keep asking me who am I seeing, what am I doing, who do I date—well, you never wanted me to mention you, so I don't. But I've got to give them *something* to write—they've been good to me a long time and they need news."

Vera shrugged. "Tell them a lie. It's all lies they print, anyhow. I read once how you drive like a madman always. When I myself know you drive like a saint, so careful."

Elvis grinned. "When I'm with *you*, I drive like a saint. When I'm not . . . well, anyway, they only print lies when nobody tells them the truth. Soon, if I don't give them something to write, they'll be saying I'm secretly married. Then they'll hunt you down, take your picture, follow you around—" The grin grew wicked. "How will you like that?"

"I won't," she said.

For a long moment she was silent. Then, slowly. "Elvis," she said, "I watched you one day, you know? You were late to meet me, so I walked over to your hotel, and I stood outside, across the street. I was there when you came out, into the crowd. I saw how they greeted you, with shouting and waving. And I saw your face, how you looked at them."

Elvis guided the car through the narrow, cobblestone street. "Yes?"

Give it up while it's still good

"I saw the love in your eyes," she said. "I saw how you came alive, how you waved to them and signed the books. I saw how you loved them. You could not live without them, the crowds, the shouting."

Elvis stared ahead of him, down the street. "No," he said slowly, "I couldn't."

"And I," the girl said softly, "I could not live with them."

They sat in silence. Then, casually, Vera said, "You know, I had many friends who were married to Americans."

"And—?"

"Oh, they would write home how difficult it was to make the change, to adjust to a different country, different life, different language. It must be hard, don't you think, to have your own children grow up to speak another tongue, in a world so different from your own." She took a deep breath. "And then too I read about Hollywood. How even the best marriages are in trouble there. That is true, is it not?"

"Sometimes," Elvis said. "But—"

"Oh, there are so many ways," Vera said, "in which love is made to die, even when all things are right. But when many things are wrong—like a different country, a different life, all that—then sometimes I think it is better if people give up love while it is still good, and not kill it in misery. Anyway," she said, very lightly, "that is what I think some of my friends should perhaps have done."

Simple words. a casual conversation. And yet, in the long silence that fell between them, they knew that the questions had been answered, finally and forever.

And the answer was—*no*.

In her corner of the car, the girl sat staring out the window. Without turning her head she said: "I think perhaps you should take other girls out. Then you can tell the newsmen about them."

"I don't want to take other girls out."

She turned to look at him. "And I don't really want you to. Do you think I will not be jealous when I read about you and them? I will—I will probably tear the papers to shreds and jump on them. But it will be better for both of us. I will have my privacy and I will see you week ends. You will have news to tell, and something to do on week nights."

When director Jean Negulesco asked starlet Pat Mitchell what her rich boyfriend does, she answered: "He inherits!"

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

"Is that all?" he said.

"Of course. What more could there be?"

"I don't know," Elvis said.

But both of them knew. It would be also a preparation, a step toward the day ahead when he would go home to the life he could not live without—the life she could not live.

It would be the beginning of good-bye.

At her train, he lifted her suitcase to a rack and stood in the compartment door. "About these dates I'm going to have," he said, looking down at her. "Read the stories carefully, you hear? Maybe they won't make you jealous after all. . . ."

Within a month, she knew what he had meant. For the papers were suddenly full of Elvis and his dates, Elvis and his girls. On one front page after another, he was kissing them or being kissed by them, with that look of roguish glee on his face. And who were these girls. . . ?

They were fifteen-year-old, pony-tailed American high school girls, five years too young for him. They were awe-stricken, blonde-banged German girls, who confessed in confusion that they spoke scarcely ten words of English. "Why sure," Elvis would beam, "we have a great old time. She brings along a dictionary and we manage to talk a little. Sometimes we go to a movie—only depending on which language it's in, one of us doesn't dig it much." "And what do you do after the movie?" the reporters would ask, pencils poised. Elvis would shake his head. "Well, thing is, she's got to be home by eleven and I have to be at the base early, so mostly I put her in a cab. . . ."

Elvis dead!

No, she would not be jealous. She would not feel, as she thought she might, the tightness around her heart at the sight of his name coupled with someone else's. They had each other for now. The future did not matter. The secrecy did not matter. If he were just anybody, how proud she would be to tell her friends, to boast of him. But as it was, it was enough that she knew, that her heart knew.

Until the day she turned on the radio and heard that he was dead.

"GI Elvis Presley," the announcer's voice proclaimed, "died today in an automobile accident in Frankfurt. Private Presley, on duty in Germany since—"

"No," she whispered. "No. Please, no—"

Hours later, the phone rang. She picked it up and an anxious voice said, "Vera?

It's me, honey, Elvis. I called as soon as I heard about that rumor—I was scared you might have heard it, too—"

"It's all right," her voice said slowly, deadened. "I did hear it, but later, I heard it was not true. They said so on the radio." Softly, she began to cry. "I was so—so afraid."

"It's all right now," Elvis said. "Don't cry, honey. Listen, I'm fine. I'm having a beer. It tastes great when you've been dead a while."

He waited for her to laugh. Instead he had to strain to hear her at all.

"Elvis—I—I must talk to you. I have changed my mind. About being so—secret. I thought it didn't matter that no one knew, but it does matter. What if you had really been hurt, what if—"

"Honey," he said, "talk slower. And don't cry. I can't understand you."

"I'll try," she said. She took a deep breath. "You see, this way—I have no—no claim on you. If you were to be hurt, no one would think to call me, no one would know I would care. If you had died—I sat here and all I could think was, what if they won't let me come to the funeral to say good-bye? What if you needed me and nobody told me? I was wrong, Elvis. If it isn't too late—if you still want to—then I would like you to tell them. . . ."

And so on that cool spring afternoon, he told the reporters the truth. That he had one girl in Germany and only one, that her name was Vera, that she was his girl. He did not tell them the rest, the things that were too deep for words—that they loved each other but they would not marry, that they were too different to live together, that each had a world the other could not share. He did not tell them that their love was the kind that knows when it must end, that cares more for the happiness of the other than for itself. He did not say that they would give each other up when the time came with their love still intact, still fresh, still beautiful. He did not say what a special girl he had, that most women ask for something from a man—jewels, or wedding rings, or at the least, promises—but that his girl was different indeed, for she asked nothing of him, nothing of the future.

She asked for only one thing.

A little thing.

A memory.

"She is my girl," he had told the reporter, told it for all the world to hear, for her heart to treasure.

When the time came, as it would come, to say good-bye—she would still have that.

END

Slum Kid

(Continued from page 30)

and showed him my chemistry set. How much did it cost, he wanted to know.

"Mom got it for me," I told him.

"But how much did she pay?" he grumbled.

I said I didn't know.

He leaped out of bed and began shaking his fists about 'wasting money.'

Then he grabbed my mother and chewed her out for spending five bucks on such junk. "Why didn't you buy the kid a jacket or a pair of shoes?" he shouted at her.

She stayed calm. She told him it was Christmas, and she wanted me to have what I wanted. But he continued to rage at her. Then he stormed out to tour the neighborhood bars. When he came back at the end of the day, he saw me playing

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with the chemistry set. He took it all, the thin glass test tubes, the colored powders and the piles of litmus paper, and—yelling at the top of his lungs about what fools we were to waste money—he tossed the whole kit out the window, and I heard all my test tubes and bottles shattering on the sidewalk.

I wanted to cry, but I fought with myself to hold back the tears. Later that night, when I went to bed, I bawled like a baby. I hated him for doing that, hated him more than I like to admit. . . .

None of us really understood

Now that I'm older I realize something was eating away at him, something troubled him; otherwise he'd never have gotten drunk the way he did. He's dead now. But while he lived, none of us really understood him.

But, then, in the slums there isn't time to understand people. Everybody spends their time worrying about their next buck. Everyone's so worried about how they're going to feed their families from day to day that they take it out on each other—and on the kids along the block. Once, on a hot summer day, when I was playing ball in the street with a bunch of neighborhood guys, our ball bounced over against one of the tenement windows. It didn't break anything; but a big fat man, a mill worker, came out in his undershirt and overalls and grabbed me, even though I wasn't the one who threw the ball. He shook me up and down and told me never to do that again. He got so angry he ripped my St. Christopher medal off my neck.

So you learn to expect anything, and yet you expect nothing—if you dig me. After a while you learn to play it cool. Nothing matters. If you want to play stickball and a cop chases you, you make a face at him and laugh and run!

I'll tell you what saved me. Movies. And girls! Not my *first* date, though. Man, that turned out to be an A-bomb. Though in a way it was that first bad experience that got me started on my career.

For three weeks I had stashed away my ice-truck money to take Angie out. She was in the same school with me and one day in history class I wrote her a note and asked her if she wanted to go to the movies with me on Saturday night.

She didn't send me an answer right way, and I figured she didn't want to go. She was poor, too; but not as poor as we were. Nobody, Daddy-O, was as poor as that! So, just about when I was giving up hope at the end of the day because she never answered my note, she came up to me and said, "Okay, Edd, I'll go out with you. But don't pick me up at home. Meet me at the drug store."

I had saved two bucks. And, man, they felt like a million, and I wanted to spend it all on her. I had known Angie for some time. Her hair was dark blonde and curly, and she had greenish-blue eyes like mine. She always dressed in ruffled dresses with wide skirts.

I was flying high

Well, the night of the date came, and I got all decked out in my white shirt and blue tie, dark pants—the one pair I had that wasn't ragged or too small—and sports jacket. It was spring, and there were warm breezes in the air, and my heart—well, it was flying high.

I had told my mom I was taking Angie out, and she was even more excited than I was. She wanted me to look good, and she pressed my pants for me so they'd have a clean crease.

She even slipped me a quarter.

I met Angie at the drug store, and she was dressed in a frilly white blouse and pink skirt, and she had a pretty pink jacket thrown over her shoulders.

I asked her if she wanted to see *The Bad and the Beautiful* which was playing at the Loew's on 72nd Street.

"Sure," she said. "But I'd like to have a Coke first. I'm thirsty."

We sat down in a booth, and I ordered two Cokes. I asked her if she'd told her mom and dad about our date.

"No," she said. "I decided against it. They wouldn't understand."

"But, gee," I said. "You should have told them. I'll bring you back early."

"It's . . . it's not that," she said. "It's . . . it's just that I didn't want to tell them *anything*."

I wondered why.

Then she added, "Oh, it's too messy to explain. Let's forget it. . . ."

I paid for the Cokes with the quarter Mom gave me. Then we walked to the Loew's. The April air was fresh and breezy, and I felt like a king. I may have been the poorest boy on the block, but when there's a sweet-looking girl by a fellow's side, he's prouder than a Rockefeller.

We saw *The Bad and the Beautiful* and it broke me up. To this day, it's my favorite movie. I've seen it over ten times. I love movies about Hollywood and what goes on behind the scenes. Kirk Douglas' acting moved me so much that he's been my favorite actor ever since.

I had to tell her

After the movie, I suggested we have another Coke, but Angie said she wanted a banana split.

Well, the movie cost ninety cents for each of us, and the drugstore Cokes we drank before the movie cost twenty cents. Subtract that from $2.25, and it leaves two bits.

I tried to sound matter-of-fact. "Gee, Angie, why don't we just take a little walk? It's a nice night. And it's not late."

"I'm not in the mood for walking," she said. "I'd love something to eat."

I didn't know what to do. We passed a brightly-lighted luncheonette, and she looked at me, waiting for me to ask her to go in.

I didn't.

At the end of the next block, we passed a Palace of Sweets. She was the one who spoke up. "Let's go in here," she said. "They make the best banana splits. And they have homemade peanut clusters!"

I fumbled for a minute, then I decided I *had* to tell her. What else could I do?

"Angie," I began, feeling the blood rush to my face as I lowered my voice to a whisper from embarrassment, "I . . . I don't have enough money."

She didn't hear me. "What?" she said.

I had to tell her again.

She looked at me for a minute without saying anything. Then, she said, "I think I ought to go home."

I walked her home, and neither of us said a word. As we walked I couldn't think of anything to say, and Angie—well, I guess she wasn't talking to me. As we walked, I watched our shadows that the streetlights cast on the sidewalks. I couldn't look at her. I wished I were a shadow without all these troubles. She was right, I had no business asking a girl out if I couldn't even treat her to a sundae or a banana split. . . .

When I brought her to the door of her building, she said, "That's what I didn't want to tell you before . . . in the drugstore. I didn't tell anybody, not even my mom and dad, I was going out with you because I didn't want them to know I was dating the poorest boy in school!"

Was it too much to ask?

She turned and ran inside. I was so upset I couldn't swallow. I gagged on her words.

I walked away, toward the East River where the April winds carried the salty scent of the sea along the city streets, and I walked and walked along the waterfront for what seemed like miles.

What was I going to do with my life? Were we going to be poor forever?

I wasn't asking much out of life. But, man, a warm pad, at least, in a clean building, some decent food once in a while, enjoying a Coke and a movie without having to save up for it, an easier life for my mom . . . was that too much to ask? I knew nobody was going to reach out and hand me a sou on a silver tray. I'd make my way myself. I'd be an actor, I decided. And I'd work hard, study hard, till I made it.

First thing I'd have to do was go back and see that movie. See how Kirk Douglas made that part come alive so. I'd learn from him. I'd have to get some money in a hurry and get started on my training course, so the next day I went to see Sunny Boy Tony. I asked him for a buck in advance. I'd work it out next week, I told him. With that dollar I went back to the movies and saw *The Bad and the Beautiful* again. From then on, every time I had money in my pocket, I went to the movies. I studied the actors.

But that day when I went over to Sunny Boy Tony's place, something happened to make me more determined than ever. Tony was a guy who always had a smile and a pat on the back for everybody. And this kind of treatment was new to me. He introduced me to his whole family, to his wife and his mother and father and all his kids.

They asked me to sit down and have something to eat with them. I never really had enough to eat so I sure wanted to. But I didn't know if they were just being polite.

To play it safe, I said no, I couldn't.

But they all shouted, "No, no, you sit down with us!"

Somebody turned on the radio—I think it was Tony's mom—to an Italian radio program, and we listened to some jumpy Amapola-like music while Tony's wife fixed the feast in the kitchen.

A real home

Then, we all sat down and ate antipasto and spaghetti and some apples with cheese. We all drank red wine that Sunny Boy Tony poured for us from a big gallon jug.

Then, Tony's small and wrinkled mom took me aside and she showed me all the picture postcards she had saved from the old country.

I liked their apartment. It was small like ours, but it was brighter. There were religious paintings on the walls and artificial flowers on the mantelpiece and there were fancy lace curtains in the front room.

I played with Sunny Boy Tony's kids for a while and then I went to the movies.

When I went home that day, I told my mom about Sunny Boy Tony and his family. "They're so happy," I told her.

I realized too late I never should have said that. Mom tried so hard. It wasn't *her* fault we didn't have a happy home. She looked at me, and her eyes filled with tears. She started to talk, but then she broke down and sobbed, and I went over to her and put my arm around her and said, "Don't cry, Mom." But she couldn't stop. "You wait and see. I'm going to work hard, and everything's going to be all right."

And I meant it. I wouldn't let her down. . . .

I got a job in a defense plant in Long Island. Every day when I worked in that assembly line, doing the same thing, hour after dragging hour, I dreamed about the promise, dreamed about the future. During the lunch hour, I'd go to the locker room and eat my sandwich while I studied the movie magazines. I was getting to be quite an authority on films and actors—especially on how they got their start. I began thinking about California, and one Sunday when I went to visit Tony and his family, I told him I was going to hitchhike out West.

"Ah," Tony's mom said in her broken dialect, "Is where the sun shines all the time . . . ?"

The sun really does shine

So I left New York and came out to dreamsville where—she was right—the sun shines most of the time. Sure, it took a while to get started. The slums had taught me that nothing comes easy in this crazy-man-crazy world.

Besides, I promised my mom I'd look after her. So I took whatever odd jobs I could find to earn enough money to send home. To this day I mail part of my paycheck to Mom and Sis in New York so they can live comfortably. My brother Vincent's in college on a scholarship, studying to be a teacher.

And me? Well, I'm making up now for all the things I missed when I was a teenager in the slums of New York. The pad I've got is big and clean and bright, with a balcony overlooking the Pacific Ocean and this sunshine town. I've got a barbecue pit and I can charcoal-broil steaks three times a day if I feel like making up for those hot-dogs-and-baked-beans days. I go out for sports now I never had the time or the money for: waterskiing, tumbling, and driving at a fast clip in my white Thunderbird. I've got a good collection of popular and classical ballads. I look over my wardrobe today, all those suits and slacks and sports jackets, and I can't help remembering that day my mom tried to make my one decent pair of pants look new for that date with Angie.

The girls in my life now? Man, there are plenty of them, and none of them like that chick. No one special yet, though. Before I settle down, I just want to enjoy these things I dreamed about back when I was a slum kid. . . .

END

Watch for Edd in Warner Brothers' UP PERISCOPE.

Shirley

(*Continued from page 34*)

She stood frozen to the spot for a moment. And then, crossing her fingers, she raced across the room and into the bedroom and picked up the phone.

"Steve darling?" she asked, catching her breath. "Where are you?"

A flash of static cut off his first words.

"Steve?" Shirley asked again.

She heard his voice now.

It was barely audible.

". . . Tokyo . . ." she heard him say. "I'm still here. . . ."

"Are you getting ready to leave?" Shirley asked.

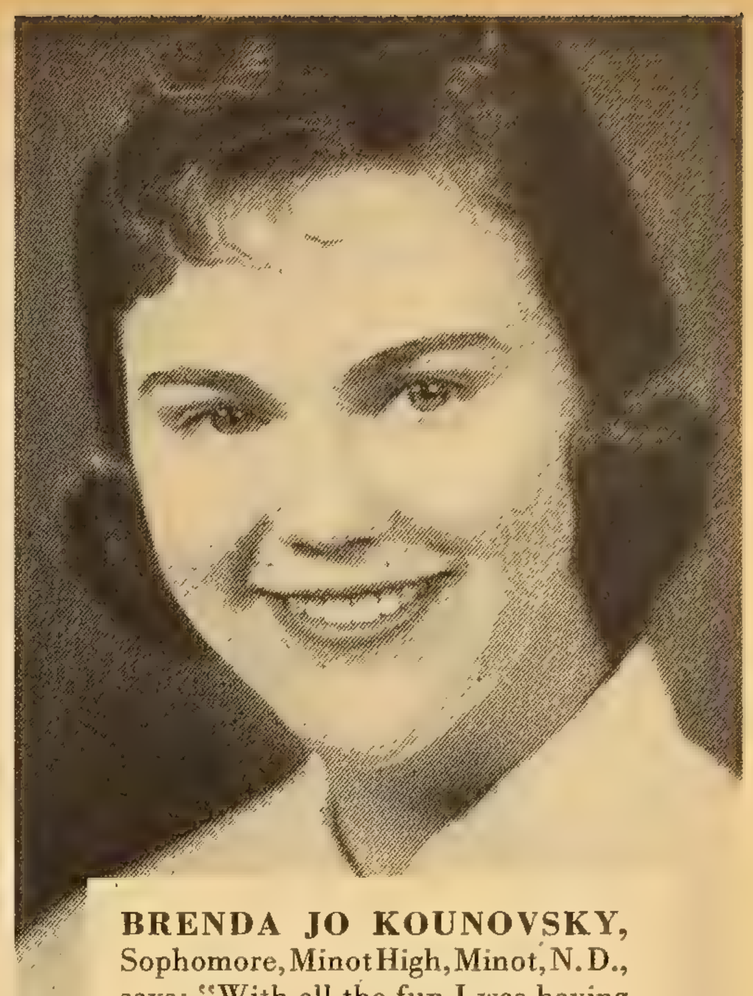
For the next half minute there was a garbling of words.

And then, for a moment, his voice came over clear again.

"I'm sorry, honey," she heard him start to say, "but I've got to stay here another three—"

Suddenly, the static hit the receiver again.

The smile vanished from Shirley's face,



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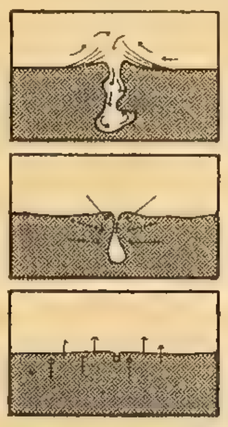
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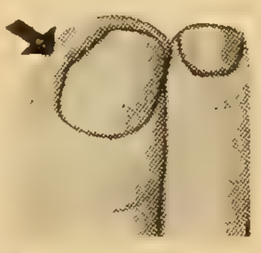
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Here's blessed relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists!

the laughter from her voice.

"Three *what?*"

There was no answer this time.

"Steve—" Shirley said, louder this time, "how long will it be before you come back to me? Please tell me. How long do I have to wait now, this time? Three days? Three months? Three years? How long, Steve, how long?"

She held the receiver tight against her ear, despite the terrible static.

When the line did clear, finally, it was not Steve who spoke but the operator, who politely explained that there was bad interference on all lines to the Orient at that moment and would she please hang up and wait a few minutes till the interference was gone. Shirley put down the receiver.

She walked across the room and sat down. As she did, there was a knock on the door.

"Shirl," a voice—her host's—hollered, "is everything all right in there?"

"Yes," she managed to say.

"Tell Steve hello," the voice hollered.

"Yes," Shirley said.

"And come on back out when you're through," the voice hollered. "We miss you."

"All right," Shirley said.

She closed her eyes.

She kept them closed, until the moment a flood of trapped tears caused them to open.

"Oh God," Shirley called out suddenly.

She wiped away the tears with the back of her hand, hard, angrily, and she stood up and opened the window.

Things that were meant to be

It had begun to rain sometime during those last few minutes, Shirley realized now, a thick and heavy rain. And below her, way down in the ravine below the window, she could hear the tiny gurgle of a new-formed stream racing from somewhere to somewhere.

She listened for a while.

Then she looked down.

It was black outside, tar-black and wet, and she could see nothing.

Then she called out to the black night, "Oh God, why does it have to be like this, all the time, all my life? I thank You for what I have, for my success. But why must I sacrifice so much to get the things I've gotten? . . Now, tonight . . . Last year . . . The year before. . . Even when I was a child!"

Somehow, staring like that, down into the vast nothingness, the scene around her seemed to change and the time seemed to be slipping away from her and she could see a stream, clear and sparkling with sun-dots and filled with darting minnows and with green, fresh-fallen leaves floating lazily on its surface.

Even when I was a child—the words echoed through her brain again. *Why?*

And then a voice from the past came to her.

Now Shirley, you get away from this stream and come home and get out of those overalls and get dressed, she remembered her mother saying. *You're a big girl of seven now and you've got to understand that it's all well and good for you to want to be a tomboy and play down by the stream all afternoon . . . but there are afternoons, you know, when I've got to take you to your dancing classes. How many times do I have to tell you, Shirley, that those feet of yours are weak and these dancing classes are good for you . . . Now you just try to realize that there are things in life you've got to do, things that were meant to be.*

That was the beginning, Shirley realized now—getting used to *things that were meant to be*—right there, right at the beginning, when poor health of a sort had caused her to give up the part of her childhood she most relished, those hundreds of hours she'd liked to have spent with her brother Warren and his pals, playing pirate down by the stream, playing baseball with them and football—anything but having to go to that old dancing school all the time, just to correct her feet.

'Nudged by fate'

Then there was that period in high school, she remembered, when she was forced to give up her friends and her teenage fun. Not that 'forced' was exactly the right word, Shirley knew—because, after all, nobody had pushed her into a dancing career at age fourteen. Maybe 'nudged by fate' was a better way of putting it. Anyway, at fourteen, Shirley remembered, she'd turned out to be a very good young dancer—despite all those years of not exactly liking it. And at fourteen, she remembered, she began appearing on television shows out of Washington, D.C., and at fifteen she found herself in New York City as a summer chorus replacement for one of the dancers in *Oklahoma!*, and at sixteen there she was back in New York again, this time spending her summer vacation dancing her way through *Kiss Me, Kate* and—

That was a time—boy, she thought now, as she stood there, still looking out the window, at the rain. *Shirley MacLaine, big-time Broadway kid, former sorority president who didn't have enough time for her sorority sisters anymore . . . Everybody in Arlington thinking,* She must guess she's pretty hot stuff by now! . . . *But none of them realized that I would have given anything if I could have spent my summers at the beach with the other kids . . . That last year in high school, after* Kiss Me, Kate, *when I was offered a chance to dance in Europe and I said,* 'No, I want to go back to my home town and finish my senior year with the kids I grew up with, I want to have a normal year with my home town friends'—*did any of these friends believe me. . . ?*

Shirley remembered now the promise she'd made herself at the end of that year, when she graduated—that she would go back to New York, that she would work, that she would try to make a success of herself, but that she would never again allow this drive—implanted so deep inside her—to interfere with any personal happiness she wanted out of life. . . .

It was in New York, about two years later, when Shirley met Steve Parker and the happiest period of her life—before or since—began.

Partnership

She was a chorus girl—still.

He was a part-time actor who wanted desperately to become a producer someday.

Shirley fell in love with him, from the start.

Steve, a friendly but very reserved type, didn't let on how he felt about Shirley personally. But professionally he let her know he thought she was terrific.

"Someday," he would say to her, "I'm going to produce the finest picture ever and you're going to be my star."

"Me?" Shirley would laugh back. "I'm just a dancer—not an actress."

But Steve thought differently. And after a while, he convinced Shirley to take dramatic lessons, to polish what he realized was a great natural talent.

Shirley took the lessons—until she tired of them.

Then Steve stepped into the picture, even more.

"*I'll* teach you," he said to her over the phone one day. "Do you mind if I come over to your place tonight after the show and give you a few pointers. . . ?"

So night after night, for the next year,

Steve tutored Shirley in every phase of show business he knew. He taught her how to read lines, he taught her how to sing, he taught her stage poise, he taught her—most important—how to have confidence in herself.

It was work, lots of hard, tiring work.

But it was worth it to Steve, because he was helping build a talent he believed in.

And it was doubly worth it to Shirley, because she was learning so much and because at the same time she was able to be with the one man on earth she really cared for.

"Me number-one student!"

Steve, still reserved, didn't talk much about himself, before or after these sessions.

But when he did, Shirley was fascinated.

One night he got on the subject of Japan.

"I was born there," he said. "I loved it there as a kid. It's the kind of place, Shirley, where people would rather travel five hundred miles to see a sunset than go five blocks to find out about a used-car deal . . . In a way, I guess I look forward to going back."

"Back?" Shirley asked, gulping. "You don't mean back to stay or something, do you?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. "I've been thinking. I'm not getting anywhere as a producer here, that's for sure. In Tokyo I stand a good chance of forming my own company—TV or movies, or both. Maybe—"

"You'll go then?" Shirley asked.

Again, Steve shrugged. "Probably," he said.

Shirley tried to smile. "And leave me in a lurch?" she asked. "Steve, me number-one student. Need number-one teacher."

Steve smiled back.

He bowed slightly.

"By the time I leave, Shirley, you will be number-one star—mark my words. . . ."

It was a little less than six months later—in the fall of 1954—when Shirley got her first fantastic break.

The show was *The Pajama Game.*

It was the third night after the opening.

A few hours earlier Carol Haney, one of the comedy stars of the new hit, had broken her ankle.

Shirley, her understudy, was told to go on.

Nervous, deathly afraid, she asked for a rehearsal.

No, she was told, there wasn't any time.

"But I've never even had one—" she said.

No, came the answer.

Shirley rushed to a phone and called Steve.

"I need you, Steve," she said. "Please come over and be with me now, tonight. Please."

It won't be easy

He arrived at the theater in ten minutes.

For the next half hour he simply talked to Shirley and calmed her.

Then he got hold of a script and cued her on her lines, still giving suggestions as to how to read them, how to say this, how to do that, how to make the audience laugh at you one moment and sympathize with you the next.

Finally, it was 8:40 and Shirley was on-stage—and on her way to one of the brightest debut triumphs in recent Broadway history. . . .

The proposal came quietly.

It was two weeks later—a Wednesday. Shirley and Steve were having dinner and Shirley was telling about her meeting with director Alfred Hitchcock that afternoon, how he had caught the matinee, had liked her and had signed her to do *The Trouble with Harry.*

"Wow," Steve said, "a contract with Hal Wallis last week, now a deal with Hitchcock." He nodded, proudly. "I guess my job is done."

Shirley knew what he meant, suddenly, just by the way he'd said it.

For a moment she didn't speak.

Then she asked, "Are you going to Japan now, Steve? Has that deal come through for you?"

"Yes," Steve said.

He looked away for an instant. "Actually it came through a couple of months ago," he said, "but—I don't know—I just wanted to stick around for a while."

Then, quickly, he said, "Shirley, I know this may sound crazy—but will you marry me?"

"Steve—" Shirley started to say.

"I know, I know," he said. "It wouldn't be easy. You'd be here, doing what's been cut out for you to do. I'd be there, thousands of miles away, doing what I have to do now. There'd be long periods when we won't see each other, when we might wonder about what we'd done. But I love you and I want to marry you."

"Shirley," he said, "I—I mean—I guess I should have asked—how do *you* feel about me?"

"Oh darling . . . oh darling," she said.

How long, how long, how long has it been since I've seen you, Steve? she asked now, half to herself, standing there at the open window. *How long?*

Everybody out there thinks that I'm the happiest girl alive tonight, she thought. *And look at me.*

She could visualize the success story about her in the paper the next morning when the *Some Came Running* reviews were printed.

Suddenly Shirley remembered something Steve had told her the night he'd left, something she had almost forgotten.

"Baby," he'd said—she recalled exactly how he'd said this now, how he had put both his hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her eyes, "Baby, I hope it's only a few months this time. But no matter how long I have to be away, always remember one thing. I love you. There will be times when we'll miss each other terribly. There will be times when it'll be rough, on both of us. But remember—I love you. I told you that for the first time the night I proposed. I've told you that since. I'll write it at the bottom of every letter I send you, every day. I'll think it so loud you'll be able to hear me. And remember it. It's important. It's as important when we're separated as it will be when we're back together, for good, some day. Remember it. Remember it well. I love you. I love you. I love you. . . ." The phone rang.

Shirley jumped up from the bed.

She lifted the receiver.

"Tokyo calling again," she heard the operator say. "Go ahead, Tokyo."

It was Steve. The line was clear this time, his voice strong. "Shirley?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I'm sorry, honey. I miss you and Steffi so much, but I've been delayed," he told her. "There's been a production tie-up and I can't get away right now. But I promise, I'll be home in three weeks. Okay?"

"Okay," Shirley said.

"You're not too disappointed?" Steve asked.

"No," she said.

"Shirley," Steve asked, "—you're sure? You sound as if you're crying."

"I am," Shirley said, softly.

She smiled through her tears.

"I was just thinking how lucky I am to be married to you," she said. "That's why I'm crying, darling, that's why. . . ." **END**

Shirley is now in MGM's SOME CAME RUNNING *and can soon be seen in MGM's* ASK ANY GIRL.

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JAMES DARREN'S WANT AD

ED NOTE: When James Darren visited MODERN SCREEN last month—he left the portrait below for us—he confided his problem to us and asked for help. Seems he's been getting more fan mail than he can answer, most of it asking how to join his fan club. Well, there isn't one yet—he needs a fan-club president before a club can get rolling. So we offered to insert a want ad in our column here, hoping that one of you will fill the spot. Good luck!

—THE EDITORS



HELP WANTED, FEMALE

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SALARY: None. HOURS: Many, but flexible.

YOU'LL NEED: Enthusiasm, loyalty, ability to get along with people.

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DUTIES: Act as contact between star and his public, publish at least two fan journals a year about him, help increase membership and keep fans everywhere interested in James Darren.

Are you a Darren fan already? Is this job for you? If you're interested in applying, send complete details about yourself and your activities, along with your age, to:

James Darren
MODERN SCREEN
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

See Jimmy in Columbia's GIDGET.

Ritchie Valens

(Continued from page 45)

was transported once more into a rhythmic ectasy.

Late that night, the happy couples streamed out of the ballroom into the bitter Iowa winter. The three stars of the show met in a dressing room. Ritchie at seventeen was the youngest. The others were Buddy Holly, twenty-two, and J. P. Richardson, twenty-eight, who called himself the Big Bopper.

"Man, I can't face that bus ride to Fargo," said one of them. "Why don't we charter a plane so we can get there early and catch some rest before the show?"

"Okay with me," said easy-going Ritchie.

The arrangements were made. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Anderson, who ran the Surf Ballroom, drove the trio to the airport at nearby Mason City. The exhilaration of the show pervaded the conversation.

"We had as much fun as the kids did," the singers remarked.

They drove to the hangar of the Dwyer Flying Service and met a young pilot named Roger Peterson. The three singers joined him in the Beachcraft Bonanza, and the Andersons waved good-bye as the plane taxied out on the runway. The temperature was 18° and a light snow was beginning to fall.

The Bonanza hurtled into a 35-miles-per-hour wind and lifted slowly into the air. Within seconds, the plane was lost from sight amid the flurries of snow.

The engine began to fail. The pilot worked the controls desperately, but he was losing altitude. The plane was veering crazily toward the blackness of the earth. Then it hit.

The left wingtip cracked against the ground and flew off. The plane came to pieces as it plunged along the length of two city blocks until the wreckage piled against a wire fence. On the frozen, windswept field nearby lay the lifeless form of Ritchie Valens.

Death can be a friend to the old, but it is an unwelcome stranger to the young. The tragedy is even greater when the young person has shown a glimmering of talent that will never be realized. The loss of Ritchie Valens has touched us as deeply as anything since James Dean snuffed out his brilliant young life on a California highway. At least Dean left behind three films that would forever attest to his greatness. He was twenty-four when he died.

Ritchie was still four months away from his eighteenth birthday. He had been in the big time of show business scarcely six months. Yet he had enjoyed more acclaim and brought joy to more people than many entertainers do in a lifetime.

He was learning fast the tricks of an entertainer. Yet he didn't need to rely on tricks. His was a natural talent that seemed to spring from deep within him. He was expressing the basic feelings of being young and elated or disappointed in love. In another time, in the country of his ancestors, he would have been a folk singer. In the mid-century United States, he expressed himself through the folk music of the time—rock 'n' roll.

"Everything Ritchie felt, he expressed through his guitar and his songs," a close associate of his told us. "That was his life, his everything."

Somehow, this intensity of feeling came across to audiences. Where did it come from? To find the answer, you have to know about Ritchie Valens.

He was born Richard Steve Valenzuela in Los Angeles' General Hospital May 13, 1941. His father, Joseph Valenzuela, and

mother, Concepcion, made their living by packing machine gun bullets in a munitions factory. Their home was a crude shack near the railroad tracks that ran through the town of San Fernando.

If the Valenzuelas suffered from poverty, they didn't show it. Like many of the Mexican homes in the neighborhood, the place rang with music. Ritchie's folks taught him to sing before he could talk.

Mrs. Valenzuela remembers one day when she went shopping and left Ritchie outside the store. When she came out, she saw a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, but no Ritchie. Fearing he had been hurt, she rushed to see what the crowd was watching. It was her six-year-old Ritchie playing the harmonica while his dog howled.

When Richie was nine, his father gave him a guitar and it became the boy's life. He strummed at it for hours, trying new chords and inventing his own songs. He hurried home from school so he could play on it. His feelings seemed to come out freely as he expressed himself in song.

Tragedy first struck his life when he was ten. His father died of diabetes, leaving his family poor. Mrs. Valenzuela married again but it didn't last; so to keep her children fed, she took a job as housekeeper.

Tough neighborhood

Ritchie ran wild. It wasn't hard for a boy to do in the north end of the San Fernando valley where there were plenty of tough kids for companions. More than once, Ritchie came close to having run-ins with the authorities.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with him," his mother sighed. "I tell him to be a good boy, but he doesn't listen to me."

"Give him to me for a few months," said her cousin, Henry Felix. "I'll see that he gets straightened around."

So Ritchie went to live with Henry Felix, who gave him the benefit of old-fashioned discipline. The treatment was all that Ritchie needed. When he returned to the family home after a few months, he was a changed boy. He was still tough —no one at Pacoima Junior High school dared challenge him. But he was through as a hell-raiser. He knew that music was the life for him.

His mother, too, knew that music was a part of him. She encouraged him when he formed a small combo called The Silhouettes. They played some of the school hops, and the students rocked. They got Ritchie's message. So hopeful was Mrs. Valenzuela that she neglected the $65 mortgage payment on their tiny house to rent the Legion Hall in Pacoima for $74. That included a janitor to sweep out the place and a policeman to see that the rock 'n' rollers didn't get out of hand.

The dance was a success, and others followed. The teen-agers flocked to hear the rocking guy they called Little Richard of the Valley. Ritchie was pleased with the comparison; Little Richard was his idol among singers.

The word spread. One day, Bob Keene, energetic young head of Del-fi Records, was picking up some labels from a printer. He told Keene about Ritchie, and a meeting was arranged.

It was Ritchie's seventeenth birthday. He went to Keene's house and stood with his guitar before a tape recorder. For a half-hour, he played and sang, moaning out the songs in a wistful style. Most of them he had written himself—snatches of ideas without beginning or end, but all with a steady, thumping beat and an honesty of expression. Keene marveled that anyone so young could play and sing with such depth of feeling. He realized later that such music had been born in Ritchie.

"You're good," Keene said. "I want to make some records with you. I think you have a real future. But I want to change your name so you won't get typed as a singer of Mexican songs. We'll just shorten it a little and call you Ritchie Valens."

His first record was *Come On, Let's Go*. Keene took a couple of boxes of the recording out to a record shop in the San Fernando valley. The owner played the disc, and the kids started to gather around. When they realized the singer was Ritchie, they started buying. Keene watched the two boxes being sold out before his eyes. He realized he had a star.

Come On, Let's Go quickly sold 225,000 copies, and Ritchie began getting engagements all over California. Then came the big time. He was signed to appear on Dick Clark's show from Philadelphia. Next came Ritchie's biggest hit.

Ritchie meets Donna

They met at a party given by a car club called the Igniters. She was a striking blonde named Donna Ludwig, a student at James Monroe High School in Sepulveda. She seemed mature for her sixteen years.

Ritchie was attracted by her beauty. And she was taken with the dynamic little guy who could get so much music out of a guitar. They talked the same language and soon they were going out together.

They went roller-skating and bowling, and they cried together in sad movies at drive-in theaters. Afterwards, they stopped for chili and Cokes. . . .

As often happens, they broke up. Neither could remember what the fight was about, but it separated them. Both started dating others. Then one night, Donna answered the telephone.

"Donnie, this is Ritchie," the voice said.

"Hello, Ritchie," she answered coolly.

"Listen—I'm really sorry what happened. . . ."

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Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

3. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE BOB WAGNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE EDD BYRNES:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

6. I LIKE SHIRLEY MAC LAINE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

(see other side)

They talked on and on. For an hour and a half, Ritchie poured out his heart. Then he started expressing himself the best way he knew. He sang:

"I had a girl. . .
"Donna was her name. . .
"Since she left me. . .
"I've never been the same. . ."

He made up the song as he went along. When he had finished she was crying.

Ritchie told Bob Keene about the incident, and Keene asked him to sing the song. It sounded like a natural, and it was. The disc became Ritchie's gold record.

The songs kept coming from the open heart of the young boy. . . . *That's My Little Suzie* taken from a line in a Little Richard disc. . . . *In a Turkish Town,* which resulted from a dream Ritchie had about a flying carpet. . . . *Ooh, My Head,* dreamed up during a coffee break in a recording session. . . . *Dooby-Dooby-Wah,* a nonsensical tune he plunked out on the guitar. . . .

He was developing as a performer, Though there were times when he backslid. Once he had a spat with a girl and he felt depressed. He had to appear on a local television show in Los Angeles, and he didn't put out. Afterwards, Bob Keene reprimanded him for walking through a performance

"Aw, I didn't feel like singing," Ritchie said.

"That doesn't matter," Keene replied sternly. "If you want to be an entertainer, you've got to take the good with the bad. When you're on TV, a whole lot of people are watching you and they expect you to be good, no matter how you feel. Don't forget—the average popularity of a rock 'n' roller is very short. Would you rather sing or be driving a truck?"

"Singing is the only thing I know."

"Then see to it that you give your best every time. Then you might last longer than the others."

That was all Ritchie needed. He applied himself after that. He realized that every performance was a chance for him to grow as a singer. When he was signed for a tour with Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper, he was happy, even though they had to travel through bitter cold. At least he had a chance to study the technique of the older performers.

His last call to Bob Keene was between Duluth and Green Bay. The exchange reflected the relationship that had grown between them: Keene had become almost a substitute for the father Ritchie had never known, and Ritchie seemed like a son to the record executive.

"It's 35° below back here," Ritchie said. "I'm freezing."

"If you're not happy, Ritchie, then just come on home."

"No, I just wanted to tell you," Ritchie said excitedly. "Tonight I got two curtain calls! How about that!"

"That's great, Ritchie. I'm real proud of you. I want to cut a new album when you get back to the coast."

But the album was never to be made. Ritchie Valens was to leave behind merely a handful of records that exhibited the amazing vitality of this young man.

We feel he left something else behind. He left behind the example of how a boy could capture the hearts of a nation's youth merely by the sincerity of his expression. Ritchie Valens was unschooled in music. But what he played and sang came from so deep within him that his message was unmistakable. That's what will keep his memory evergreen.

They brought Ritchie's broken body back to the San Fernando valley where he had spent most of his short life. There was a misty rain that day, but the hundred youngsters who could not crowd into St. Ferdinand's Church stood in the dampness unconcerned. The bell in the tower tolled as Rev. Edward Lynch recited the Requiem High Mass.

"He was a good boy," his mother said between tears. "He was always a praying boy, and he came to church to light his candles." Her other children crowded around her: Bobbie, 17; Connie, 7; Irma, 6; Mario, 2. They would be well taken care of; Ritchie's first earnings went to buy them a new house, and his record royalties would insure the future.

Donna Ludwig was there, too, and she comforted Mrs. Valenzuela.

Several hundred of the young mourners went on to the old San Fernando Mission cemetery to see Ritchie buried. Tears mingled with the rain as the last rites were said.

Bob Keene was getting into his car when five boys approached him.

"Mr. Keene, we're members of the Drifters Car Club, and Ritchie was an honorary member," the leader said. "We wrote this, and we thought you were the one who should have it."

He handed over a sheet of paper. On it was a poem, Our Boy—in Memory of Ritchie Valens. *The rhymes were unschooled, but the sincerity was unmistakable. It read in part:*

As sudden as the wind and rain,
On a cold winter's day,
The Lord of ours chose to take
Our dearest friend away. . . .
On the steps of fame he stood,
This guy so real, and true and good.
He had to leave, we know not why,
Tho' in our hearts he'll never die. . . .

END

Watch for Ritchie in Go Johnny Go *for Hal Roach Studios.*

---

7. I LIKE ERROL FLYNN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE RITCHIE VALENS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE GARY CROSBY:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I READ: [1] all of **LOUELLA PARSONS**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... **NAME**.....

ADDRESS..... STREET .....

CITY..... **ZONE**..... **STATE**.....

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